THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXIX. No. 999 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1950 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 473
PEACE TREATY WITH JAPAN? 476
SIR STAFFORD AND SALVATION. By Dudley Seers 476
THE RIGHT OF DISSOLUTION. By Kingsley Martin 477
LONDON DIARY. By Critic 478
IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE? By Sagittarius 478
THIS ENGLAND 479
PICTURE OF BONN. By Peter de Mendelssohn . 479
HANGING IN THE BALANCE. By Ralph Partridge 480
THIS MODERN AGE. By Norman MacKenzie . 480
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus . . . 481
F. O. MATTHIESSEN. By Janet Adam Smith . 481
ADDIO CASINO! 482
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
Ballet Imperial: A Musician's View. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 482
Radio Notes. By William Salter . . . 483
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 483
The French Contemporaries. By Patrick Heron 484
CORRESPONDENCE 486
From J. Corbett; Ian Scott-Kilvert; A. S. Neill; E. C. Pepper; Lawrence Murfitt; D. S. Savage; A. T. Campbell; and Leigh Mercer.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . Page 488
PICKING PEARS. By Anne Ridler . . . 489
REVIEWS:
The German Problem. By A. J. P. Taylor . 489
War and Art. By Benedict Nicolson . . 490
Espionage. By Aylmer Vallance . . . 490
New Novels. By John Richardson . . 492
Poetry, Religion and Baroque. By Iain Fletcher 494
Last Survivor. By Geoffrey Gorer . . 496
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 496
CHESS. By Assiac 497

Mr. Churchill's Bid for Power

THOSE Socialists who prophesied last March that the Government could achieve a working arrangement with the Opposition, and looked forward to a lengthy period of unspectacular but useful work, have been swiftly disappointed. Mr. Eden, Mr. Butler, Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Walter Elliot, have all been eager to make life easy for Mr. Attlee. They have desired this, partly out of regard for national interest, and partly because they believed that time is on their side. Strength, they argued, would ebb away from a weak Labour Government, forced to rely on a tacit coalition; and a year or eighteen months should suffice to create the conditions for a resounding Conservative victory.

These sober calculations have been upset by two factors. In the first place, the new and greatly invigorated Conservative Party in the House of Commons is by no means coalition-minded. Trained by Central Office to fight the octopus of Socialism, it shows no inclination to coo Me-Tooisms with Mr. Butler or to accept the insipid moderation of Mr. Eden as a substitute for leadership. These Young Conservatives are a fighting party of free enterprise, and they find Mr. Churchill's style of Parliamentary knockabout enormously to their taste. In the second place, Mr. Churchill, basking in the admiration of young acolytes, is determined to make the assault on No. 10, Downing Street. What he would do if he broke in, worries him no more to-day than it did during the years he spent waiting for his finest hour in 1940. He knows that the patient tactics of Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler are designed, not to make him Prime Minister in a national crisis, but to enable the Conservative Party in due course to run a Welfare State "better" than the Labour Party. Mr. Churchill has neither the time nor the taste for this sort of new-fangled nonsense. He wants power now; and he realises, as he revealed in his speech last Monday, that he can only become Prime Minister by means of an electoral pact with the Liberals, under which they are promised a packet of unopposed constituencies and a few posts in the Grand Coalition.

Mr. Churchill's impetuosity has, we hope, saved the Labour Party from the propensity to cling to office which might otherwise have proved fatal to it. The Government survived last Wednesday by an invalid's breadth; and the Labour candidate scraped home in Dumbarton. But it is now clear that no stability can be achieved in this Parliament. Once the Budget is out of the way, Mr. Attlee will have to seek the earliest opportunity for a dissolution. By forcing the Labour Party to fight, Mr. Churchill may have unwittingly revived its fortunes.

The Motorists' Vote

The issue which the Conservatives selected for their challenge was not the general one of budgetary policy—here there was no agreement between Mr. Butler, who approved of the Budget, and Mr. Churchill, who thought it abominable—but the Chancellor's treatment of road transport. By failing frankly to admit that one of his aims was a square deal for the railways, Sir Stafford made himself vulnerable to attack. Mr. Gaitskell could remind the House that Mr. Churchill himself had introduced the petrol tax in order to help the railways; but the fact remains that increased petrol prices and purchase tax on commercial vehicles—accepted dourly in the autumn of 1947 when the convertibility crisis made austerity a patriotic duty—are bound to be unpopular at a time when it was hoped that taxation had reached its top limit. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether these taxes could be turned into an election issue. Few motorists—except for the devoted Socialists—voted Labour last February. Electorally the income tax reductions were probably worth infuriating the road transport industry.

Support for the Film Industry

It is quite true, as Mr. Harold Wilson told the conference of cinematograph technicians last Sunday, that the loans of the Film Finance Corporation have staved off the worst of the production crisis in the industry, since more than half of the features to come from British studios recently have been made with Corporation backing. For this reason, now the original £5 millions is nearly gone, he proposes to throw another million pounds into the jackpot—this, apparently, being thought enough for the moment, as the Corporation is getting so few worthwhile propositions put up to it.

But the dearth of proposals is itself a reflection of a deeper crisis; and though Mr. Wilson went on to promise a more elaborate statement of Government films' policy in the near future, the general line he seems to be taking is not encouraging. The industry has gone down past the point where marginal adjustments are enough to keep production moving. It is in a thorough and complete mess, and no one inside it seems capable of clearing up that mess. If, therefore, we wish to have a flourishing film industry in this country, much more State inter-

vention is needed. The policy of the cinematograph technicians themselves offers a possible solution; they would take over idle studios, create a State or municipally owned circuit comparable in status to the Odeon or A.B.C. groups, and establish a special renting organisation. Something of this kind is needed.

Jordan Passed

The incorporation of "the Arab Triangle" in the Kingdom of Jordan completes the process of partition which should have been the aim of Mr. Bevin's Palestine policy ever since the Labour Party took office in 1945. The Partition Plan, adopted by the United Nations Assembly, which proposed the creation of a tiny Arab State alongside Israel and the internationalisation of Jerusalem was always impracticable. But it is a pity that it had to be scrapped, not by international agreement, but as a result of unilateral action, first by Israel during the war and now by King Abdullah. On the other hand, since the frontiers of Israel and Jordan have been fixed by the right of conquest, this fact should compel the two States to reach some sort of agreement despite the Arab League.

What is now needed is a strong British initiative to make this task as easy as possible for Mr. Ben Gurion and King Abdullah. Each of them knows well enough that the acceptance of Partition will provoke his own extremists. The Left-wing Mapam in Tel-aviv, as well as the near-Fascist successors to the Irgun, are already attacking the idea of recognising Abdullah's right to "the Triangle" as a sell-out of Zionism. But King Abdullah too must face the risk of assassination by the murder gangs of the Mufti, who still controls an Arab Government in Exile under the aegis of King Farouk. The Foreign Office has been unwilling to back King Abdullah too far because it realises that this policy would involve an indefinite postponement of a Treaty with Egypt. But the prospects of the Treaty are anyway remote, whereas the benefits to be obtained by a *rapprochement* between Israel and Jordan would be immediate.

A Contradictory Veto

The High Commissioners' latest brush with Chancellor Adenauer and the German Nationalists—coming hard after the latter's "bad taste" in singing *Deutschland über Alles* at a political gathering in Berlin—is a good example of the weakness of Western policy towards the Germans. The facts are soon stated. They concern two measures enacted by the Bonn Assembly, the one for a new civil service and the other for a general reduction of taxes. As to the first, the Bonn law-givers had long hesitated; once before, in February 1949, the Military Governors had felt it necessary to intervene in favour of a genuine reform of the civil service. Their Law 15, then promulgated, promised a somewhat radical departure from the hierarchical principles of German tradition; above all, candidates were no longer to be required to have the usual law degrees.

It is largely for having ignored the principles of Law 15 that the Bonn Assembly's civil service law has met with the High Commissioners' disapproval and veto. The new measure is interpreted as going right back to the beginning again. What was good enough for Frederick the Great and the Kaiser is evidently good enough for Bonn. Illogically enough, Mr. McCloy—on this occasion apparently much more than General Robertson—feels that democracy is being betrayed. But if we desired democracy in Bonn, we should have preferred more democratic partners.

Still more illogical appears the American objection to the Bonn Assembly's taxation changes. This Conservative majority is understandably anxious to shift the burden of paying for recovery as far as possible to the shoulders of the working class. Its spokesmen argue that only by reducing direct taxation can savings become possible; and only through increased savings by private persons will new capital emerge for the reconstruction of the German economy. It is an argument which is in daily use in the United States; and one, indeed, that is inseparable from "free enterprise." Yet Mr. McCloy finds it unacceptable in Western Germany—when used by those very "free enterprisers" whom the Americans have put into power.

Communist Victory in Hainan

Nothing in the history of military hand-outs is more fantastic than those concerning Hainan Island distributed by Chiang Kai-shek from his Formosan retreat. Day after day news agencies appeared to take seriously stories of Communist defeat and Nationalist victory when the truth was exactly the opposite. The *Herald-Tribune*, the most informative paper published in Europe on foreign affairs, still carried headlines about reported "Red defeat" on Hainan Island as late as last Saturday, April 22. On Monday they reported a practically complete "Red" victory. It was already clear that the Communists were planning to invade the island when, ten days ago, General Lin Piao announced that some of his 4th Field Army troops had landed there and had been welcomed by guerilla troops operating over a wide area. The Nationalists put out wild stories of bombing and sinking of hundreds of Communist junks in the narrow Hainan Strait; they even reported Communist surrenders on the island. The Nationalists were actually reported to be celebrating their successes in Hoihow, the capital of Hainan, when it was occupied by the Communist forces. The loss of Hainan Island means the loss of an important air and sea base used in the blockade which has paralysed the ports of South China, especially Canton and the important Kowloon Peninsula Railway. Communist planes will now find it easier to fly from Hongkong without interception, and China will have available in the South a valuable source, besides Manchuria, of iron.

Costly Bone of Contention

It now seems clear that the rumpus over Trieste arose from Italian fears of Western fondness for Marshal Tito. Would the Western Powers, in their desire to strengthen the present régime in Yugoslavia, go back on their undertaking to hand over Zone B, when possible, to Italy? For the moment, at least, the answer seems to be that they will not. Nevertheless, the embarrassment of Western diplomacy is not small. So long as Yugoslavia was within the Soviet camp, London and Washington could support their popularity in Italy by promising to help the Italians regain the Free Territory in its entirety. But to satisfy both Yugoslavia and Italy in this matter of Trieste calls for a judgment as ingenious as Solomon's—with the added difficulty that in this case the claimant mothers would no doubt both prefer to have the baby cut in halves rather than surrender their respective titles.

Since the principal aim of Western diplomacy in South-East Europe is evidently now to consolidate the anti-Soviet forces—Yugoslavia with Greece, Yugoslavia with Italy—they have probably no alternative but to maintain the present status of Trieste and the Free Territory, and to persuade the claimants to shelve their claims at least for the time being. Such seems to have been the thought behind Western representations made lately in Belgrade and in Rome. This course of abnegation is likely to be easier for Tito than for De Gasperi. Tito can point to the efficacy of his "Trieste policy" in the 89 per cent. vote which his People's Front scored in local elections in Zone B this month. But De Gasperi is under fire from all quarters of the Italian Parliament for the "weakness" and "failure" of his campaign for Trieste. Meanwhile, the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Free Territory continues to cost the Western Powers a mint of money.

Why the Dockers Strike

When thousands of men come out repeatedly on strike, now for one cause and now for another, it is no use upbraiding them for being naughty. Nor is it of more use to attribute the entire trouble to "Communist agitators," especially when, at the polls, these same men have shown how little willing they are to support the Communist cause. It is necessary to look deeper in order to find out what is wrong; and, in the particular case of the London dockers, the roots of the trouble are not difficult to lay bare. They lie largely, as we said last week, in the deep disturbance in the dockers' way of life that has come about, partly through the wholesale destruction of their old communities by the war, and partly through the effects of the dock labour scheme in breaking up the gangs of friends who used to work together. The London docker, in gaining much greater security for his standard of life, has become a lost soul—caught up as an individual in a plan of work that goes right against his instincts and traditions and, in his home life, dispersed over a wide area among strangers, instead of being in local communities which centred on his place of work.

The security derived from decasualisation and the guaranteed wage is, of course, an admirable thing; and no one should wish to go back on it. But it ought to be made compatible with the restoration of the working groups which used to provide a focal point for the sense of community and mutual dependence; and until it is, frustration will continue to manifest itself in recurrent outbreaks, now over one thing and now over another, but all finally caused by the dockers' sense of unhappiness in the changed conditions of work.

Port Overhaul Needed

Trade union troubles play a part in this unfortunate situation. Under the Dock Labour Board, the trade unions have become part of the controlling and disciplinary machine to which the dockers are subject, and have in consequence ceased to be looked to as the protectors of the workers' interests, or as really representing their members. This is partly because of the scheme itself, but also because the main union, the Transport and General Workers, is made up of so many different elements that the men no longer look on it as their own, and have come to regard it rather as an external—and in some cases even a hostile—force.

It is true that the T. and G.W. is on paper very democratically organised; indeed, no union has gone further in providing representative machinery for each of the main sections of its membership. But, in the nature of the case, decision rests in the hands of a composite body in which each section is only a minority, so that it is apt to feel that the power rests with an external authority. The method by which the men round whom the present dispute centres were expelled or suspended was, on paper, highly democratic; for the decision rested with a democratically chosen rank-and-file committee. But democracy is as democracy does; and a formally democratic body made up of groups which have little in common may easily fall in practice into the hands of a bureaucracy and fail to be felt as democratic by those whom the shoe pinches.

This appears to have happened to the vast T. and G.W.; and, even within its docks section, there are such wide differences between conditions in the various ports that what suits one may not suit another. It looks as if both the constitution of the union and the basis of the dock labour scheme need thorough re-examination. A separate union for port workers and a new dock labour scheme based on recognising group work and comradeship might make all the difference.

Scottish Self-Government

The Scottish Trades Union Congress, in its meetings at Rothesay, combined a unanimous attack on Purchase Tax with a majority repudiation of self-government ambitions. A General Council resolution stated that Scotland's economic prosperity was inseparable from that of England and Wales, and Scotland could not be imagined as a self-supporting entity. Two amendments to this were defeated. Though no mention was made of it, the Congress has not officially abandoned its 1948 attitude, which criticised the Scottish White Paper and demanded the establishment of a Scottish national planning commission and a Northern "Cabinet." The trend of debate this year, however, was to soft-pedal all forms of Scottish feeling that traversed general British policy.

Some delegates travelled immediately to Edinburgh to attend the fourth meeting of the Scottish National Assembly which was considering the affairs of what Congress described as the "nationalist band-wagon." In Edinburgh the Rothesay decisions were denounced as the expression of English-dominated unions, and not the true feeling of the rank and file in the North. It is certainly true that a number of delegates at Rothesay were Englishmen who travelled North to record their vote.

The main business of the Assembly was the future welfare of the Covenant, a document to which it gave birth last October and which has grown to most patriotic proportions. The Assembly was attended by Welsh observers who came to learn how the heather is set on fire. It was decided to appoint commissioners who are to place Home Rule proposals—and these have been worked out in detail—before the Government and the Opposition. Failing success in this, a petition will be presented to the King. Direct contact is also to be made with Dominion Governments.

To a large extent this is an old story in process of retelling. In the past there has been no conclusive ending. When Home Rule representations were last made, they were countered by Mr. Arthur Woodburn on the ground that there was no proof of the general support of the Scottish people. The Covenant was designed to obtain such proof. The Assembly also believes it has ample evidence that Scotland is economically viable. A great deal has still to be put to the test, including the continuing enthusiasm of the one and a quarter million signatories to the Covenant. But the movement is now of such proportions that the Government would be ill-advised to adopt stalling tactics.

De Gaullist Difficulties

Our Paris Correspondent writes:

The de Gaullists are in trouble. They clearly hoped to make enough political capital out of the Peyré scandal to sink the Socialists; but the parliamentary enquiry has shown that a large number of de Gaullists were mixed up in a lot of these shady intrigues. What has shaken the de Gaullists even more is the article, published in *Carrefour* by Colonel Rémy, one of de Gaulle's henchmen, openly proposing not only the immediate liberation of Pétain and a reconciliation, in the name of "French unity," between de Gaullists and the Vichyites, but actually quoting de Gaulle as saying that, in 1940, France was quite right to have two strings to her bow—the Pétain string and the de Gaulle string! Slightly changing the metaphor, Rémy also said that de Gaulle was France's sword, and Pétain France's shield. He hinted that both went in for a lot of eyewash; and that the Double Cross of Lorraine could have been a good symbol for both, since de Gaulle was really double-crossing the Resistance, and Pétain the Germans. The greatest tragedy for France, Rémy said, was that the two could not make peace in the hour of victory—and so join forces against the Communists.

De Gaulle has not denied having used the phrase about France's bow with its two strings, but the high-minded cynicism of Rémy's article was a little too much, and he was forced to resign from the governing body of the R.P.F. But it was a *ballon d'essai* typical of our time, and one can vouch for it that Rémy, who was only expressing views widely current among the two main sections of the French bourgeoisie, will be reinstated by de Gaulle when convenient. One wonders, all the same, if at some point the "patriotic Vichyite," of whom Rémy talks, will not suddenly start making eyes at the Communists. The nature of the Vichy beast is always to play for safety, and to assume that France can never die—provided she does as little of the fighting as possible.

PARLIAMENT: Where Was Mr. Butler?

Wednesday

Mr. R. A. Butler, who opened the Budget debate for the Opposition, was a flop. Like Eden, he has no stomach for direct attack and genuinely accepts the Welfare State. Had Cripps produced a political Budget, he would have waxed indignant. But as he could not complain of electioneering and knew that a Tory Government under his leadership might well present much the same kind of Budget, there was little to be said.

Proud architect of the Act making education increasingly expensive, he was comparatively restrained about public expenditure. Author of the *Right Road*, he was concerned, too, to restrain his supporters from skidding too far from the middle of it. For Butler, having considered in cold blood the possibility of a Tory electoral victory, is well aware of the difficulty of delivering the goods. Prepared to meet Mr. Morrison halfway, he would no doubt like this Parliament to go on.

But there are Conservatives besides Sir Waldron Smithers who reject Butler's premises, although—in view of electoral difficulties, as Birch said—they cannot say so as plainly as the *Economist*. Deeply convinced that Cripps is wrong and ruinous, they present their proposals in the form of prognostications. "Part of this overgrown structure of the Welfare State will have to go," said Mr. Eccles, backed by Lyttelton on the Front Bench, who forecast a "fare-ill State in the next year or two." Opposed to the wage-freeze, Eccles was also scornful of the "frozen employment" of 98.5 per cent. of the working population. The core of thoughtful bankers and businessmen who quietly believe in moderate unemployment, "realistic" prices, and economic rents, as the road to sanity, is strengthening its position on the Tory benches.

However, it's simplest to whine about waste in the Civil Service. Tory maiden speakers, casting aside the custom of non-controversial brevity and unwilling to follow Crosland's example of criticising his own leaders, monotonously sniped at public expenditure. They forgot the pleas of former debates. If there are Labour men who have cried "the sky's the limit" on health costs, there are also Tories, as Jay pointed out, who recently demanded that "no money should be spared" to make the Territorial Army attractive. Consumer subsidies for the rich were attacked, but no one damned assistance to farmers who can afford to do without it. Churchill himself, as if suggesting an economy, called for searching scrutiny of Defence costs, but in the same breath demanded concentration on those modern forms of war-power which are, of course, the really expensive items.

Eden, Stanley and Butler agree about wage-freezing and dividend-limiting, but Lyttelton and Churchill are not so agreeable. However much Mr. Churchill wants a coalition, it is, Cripps justly stated, on his and not Labour's terms. He can no more cramp his style by accepting Labour policies than he can swallow Butler's programmes. Whatever clever reasons exist for not defeating Labour, he sticks to the view that it is the duty of Oppositions to oppose and take the risks. Monday's remorseful speech expressed the intolerable dilemma of the Tories: the friction between Butler's political realism and Eccles' financial realism, between Back-bench desire for power and Front-bench yearning for coalition. Perhaps it was significant that Mr. Churchill chose to speak. Maybe it was also significant that Mr. Butler was not there to hear him.

Stephen Swingler

Peace Treaty With Japan?

AMONG the many topics on the agenda of the forthcoming Foreign Ministers' Conference, the problem of the Japanese Peace Treaty is probably the most urgent and certainly the least commonly understood. The preliminary meeting of the Commonwealth Working Party in London next week has the sole object of ensuring agreement on this subject between Britain, the Dominions and the United States. Russia and China, both most vitally interested in a treaty with Japan, are not, at this stage in any case, to be represented or consulted.

The question of a Treaty with Japan has been constantly postponed by a difference, nominally of procedure, between Russia and the Western Powers. The U.S.S.R. first held that the Treaty was the sole concern of the Council of Foreign Ministers. The American and Commonwealth members proposed that the Far Eastern Commission (consisting of the eleven Powers which had fought Japan) should settle the matter, if necessary by a two-thirds majority vote. The Chinese suggested, by way of compromise, that while all the Far Eastern Commission should be members of the Conference, the Big Four should maintain their right of veto. At the end of 1948 the Russians conceded a point; they insisted on a decision by the Big Four, but were willing for the other members of the Far Eastern Commission to attend the various committees, in an advisory capacity. As a result of this dispute, the Commonwealth Powers met alone in Canberra in 1947 and the Working Party, which meet on Monday, had before it a draft Treaty which Mr. Bevin and Mr. Acheson discussed last September at the time of the Monetary Conference in Washington. It is said to be in the portfolio which Dr. Jessup carried on his arrival here last Sunday.

The absence of the two great Communist Powers does not mean that there may not be serious differences of opinion and interest. These divisions may be both economic and strategic. Since the war, Japan has been wholly under American management. In 1949, Japan cost the American taxpayer 400,000,000 dollars. Congress holds that Japan should develop her own trade and cease to be a burden on America. This involves encouraging the export of mass-produced Japanese goods—a process which for different reasons is not welcomed in India or in Australia or, for that matter, in Lancashire. Secondly, it involves a free flow of trade between Japan and China. China is Japan's most natural market; Japanese manufacturers are not less anxious to make money, and the peoples of China and Japan are not less in need of goods, because China has now a Communist Government. From America's point of view the natural interdependence of China and Japan has two disadvantages. First, it makes it impossible to demand that the rulers of Japan should "stamp out" or even cease to have contacts with Communists and, secondly, it involves on America's part what amounts to an admission that China can no longer be regarded as even a hopeful sphere for American exports.

On the strategic side, the differences of interest and outlook are also obvious. If there was one American war aim that seemed clear beyond argument, it was that Japan was to be permanently demilitarised. Indeed, for years after Pearl Harbour, it was hard for America to hold that any "yellow bastards" should survive at all. To seven million Australians and to half a dozen other Pacific countries which were overrun by Japan, the promise to prevent Japanese militarism ever again becoming powerful still seems in need of fulfilment. But General Eichelberger, who has been General MacArthur's assistant and United States Adviser on Far Eastern Affairs, has recently declared that within 24 hours after the outbreak of any war, America "would have 85 million Japanese at our side. Japanese soldiers would be a Commander's dream. They are the kind who stay on a ridge-top until they die."

If this remark is typical of American military opinion, it would seem that the War Department is seriously out of touch with some trends of Japanese opinion which Mr. Acheson must certainly bear in mind. To begin with, the Japanese have not failed to appreciate the difference in attitude between the American Joint Chiefs of Staff, who have recently made a survey of their country with the object of planning the air bases America is to retain, and the Russians, who have made proposals to hand back the Kuriles to Japan and to promote a comprehensive trade pact between Japan and Communist China. Another indication of Japanese opinion is shown in a poll taken early this year. Of those who voted, 48 per cent. wanted permanent neutrality; 14 per cent. said they wanted Japanese security guaranteed not by one nation alone but by a group of Powers, and 20 per cent. favoured a military alliance with the United States. The debates in the National Diet earlier this year centred mainly on the pros and cons of a Peace Treaty, with or without the Soviet Union; for that is the fundamental problem to be faced.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Yoshida, expounding General MacArthur's views, said that whilst Japan had renounced war, this did not mean that she had abandoned the right of self-defence. All the Opposition Parties attacked Yoshida's views and opposed the conversion of Japan into a military base. They demanded an overall peace, namely, one that was signed by all the belligerents, not one which was only supported by the American and British Commonwealth group. This view was also put forward in a Manifesto published by the "Peace Study Group" (to which belong 50 of Japan's leading intellectuals, most of them anti-Communist), by the Labour unions, largely influenced by the Communists, and by various civic organisations and many political leaders. They demand not only an overall Peace Treaty, but the right of Japan to join the United Nations with a guarantee of neutrality, and a refusal to allow any country to have military bases on Japanese soil. After five years of American supervision and indoctrination, Japan has been demilitarised and disarmed in fulfilment of the terms of her surrender, and there is every sign that the vast majority of Japanese of all parties do not wish to be involved in another war, but prefer to remain unarmed and neutral. It might be said that the achievement of a materially and, for the time at least, morally disarmed Japan is the only completed Allied war aim. To restore power and arms to Yoshida and the group of industrialists and militarists who were responsible for the last war in the East would be as ludicrous as it is wicked.

In his speech last Saturday, Mr. Acheson again declared that the United States sought peace, not war with the Soviet Union. We have no doubt of his sincerity; we are similarly sure that Soviet policy is not intended to provoke war. But if the Western programme which at present seems intended is maintained in the Far East, the point will soon be reached at which hope of peaceful settlement will be forgotten. If America, the Commonwealth and the Western Allies make a separate peace with Japan which involves the creation of military bases and the rearming of Japan, Russia and China will of necessity make their own separate peace with Tokio. War in the Far East will then certainly be taken for granted in every Chancellery, and the difficulties in the way of opening negotiations and reversing the wheels in a peaceful direction will appear insurmountable. There seems no compulsion to enter upon this suicidal course. Britain has already recognised the Communist Government of China; expert and realistic opinion, as opposed to popular and military opinion, in America desires that Washington should follow the same sensible course. Moreover, it is right and proper for the Western Allies to work out between themselves a draft Peace Treaty with Japan, but absurd for them to attempt to put it into effect without consulting Russia and China. One of the proposals put up by the West for a joint Treaty with Japan should include a United Nations guarantee for the defence of a disarmed and neutralised Japan.

Sir Stafford and Salvation

THE Chancellor pursues good. There is nobody in public life whose attempt to base political action on moral conviction is more transparently obvious. We know that his central objective, as he stated in that almost embarrassingly frank Budget broadcast, is mutual love among men. One necessary condition for this, he said, is Full Employment. To be sure of Full Employment we need a secure supply of materials for industry, which in its turn means the highest possible level of exports to the dollar area. The biggest contribution a Chancellor can make to the export drive is to destroy the inflationary attraction of the home market by enormous budget surpluses. Social security and military defence against Communism are, however, further pillars of the good society, so that spending cannot be cut. Thus there can be no tax concessions without corresponding tax increases. Hence the *shape* of last week's Budget.

The *content* is a little harder to understand. Even if purchasing power could not be increased, it could still be differently distributed. The Chancellor has, however, often stressed the impossibility of further redistribution. Present inequalities are thus to him either morally right

or are necessary, at least temporarily, to stimulate production. One would hesitate to believe the Chancellor could approve of the present income distribution, but for the curious nature of the income tax concession. Superficially it is "incentive," encouraging work on overtime and piece rates. Certainly this is how Sir Stafford sees it. What is odd, though, is that it makes a straight gift of £11 5s. to the three million taxpayers who are paying at the full standard rate, without affecting for them the rate of tax on *extra* work at all. Nearly half the cost of the concession is in fact incurred for a nil, possibly even negative, incentive effect, and some of the remainder will benefit those with unearned incomes. The acute mind of Sir Stafford should have seen that the same money would have helped production much more if it had been used more directly to relieve the penalty of extra manual work, by a selective device such as a minimum, or a basic or a graduated earned income allowance. Can one not surmise that he would have seen this if he had not felt subconsciously that the upper middle classes had been milked enough and had a right to this gift, perhaps to balance dearer motoring?

But let us be charitable and suppose he believed that on grounds of efficiency, in order to build a firm material basis for the good society, a Chancellor's duty was to send the poor empty away, bearing only the negative gifts of no cuts in subsidies or housebuilding, and even to apply the cane of higher fares. The Chancellor has consistent and intelligible reasons for this belief—on certain political and economic assumptions. There is, however, some scope for difference of opinion whether he is in fact choosing the right road to his ideal society.

First, the economics of the Chancellor's case are not beyond query. The lack of budgetary support for the Government's friends in the trade unions, besides being questionable on moral and tactical grounds, can only mean that Sir Stafford expected wage rises, whatever he conceded in the Budget. This obvious strand in the Chancellor's thinking is a dangerous over-simplification. Some help with the cost of living, or at least with the Interim Index of Retail Prices, would have allowed a strategic withdrawal to a wage structure built on principles which gave a nod to equity and efficiency. Instead, we face the prospect of a disorganised rout, leading to a wage structure not only inequitable and inefficient but driven steadily upwards by those who are at any time below the position they feel should be theirs by right, by convention or by power—and there are rarely many trades satisfied on all three counts. The pace of the resultant price rise may well price us out of many foreign markets. This, too, is a threat to exports, therefore to imports, therefore to Full Employment, therefore to brotherly love. In fact it is an immediate danger to the last, for the upward pressure on wages and prices will mean strife between trade union moderates and militants, between unions and employers, between working class and middle class, and between the wage-earning husband and the price-paying wife.

The Budget looks stranger still if we ask: How much disinflation do we need to reach stable, uninflated Full Employment? The answer is that nobody knows within a hundred million pounds. The modern approach is that the Budget surplus should be just large enough to fill the gap between the capital investment programme and what the public wants to save. The snag is that nobody knows what is the capacity of the public for saving. We don't even know who is saving, how much they are saving, why they are saving, nor who holds the great total of encashable assets, nor much about what is happening to retail and other stocks. This sort of information is an urgent need if we are to have a serious Full Employment policy. Being ignorant of consumer spending habits did not matter much in the 'forties, because it could be taken for granted that the public did not want to save nearly enough to finance the war or the reconstruction programme, and, therefore no practicable budget surplus could be too large to fill the gap. Does Sir Stafford believe this to be the situation to-day? The recent *Economic Survey* touched up the inflationary hues in the picture of 1950, which was made to look so threatening that another big surplus was apparently unavoidable. Still, there is a real chance that this year the surplus will turn out to be too big for Full Employment, and that we shall see a sharp rise in unemployment in the autumn, especially if output continues to boom and exports are hit by falling foreign demand.

Disinflation cannot by its very nature be necessary for long, and to choose it as the central economic policy merely postpones the eventual choice between unemployment and direct controls. Suppose there is, this summer, another recession, or rather a deeper recession, in the United States. We could not hope for much more help from cutting imports or devaluation, and there would only be two fundamental alternatives. The first would be to retrench and to let the natural balancing forces of the "free market" come into play. If, however, you try to keep Full Employment, the continued good market at home would mean that firms would have to be directed to export to a difficult dollar market, and the necessary import cuts would mean that scarce materials would have to be allocated according to priorities once more. The willingness of the Chancellor, in his capacity as supreme economic chief, to substitute disinflation for direct controls, understandable though it is, gives one some reason for doubting which route he would choose, or perhaps one should say *will* choose. All we can hope is that there will be some voice, even if only an inner one, that will keep repeating: "Full Employment means brotherly love." For he will be running grave spiritual risks if he allows himself to choose a policy that is in effect anti-love.

When this crisis occurs, the Chancellor may be persuaded that the eventual interests of Full Employment, and love, are best served by temporary unemployment and less social security. As he doubtless realises, he is so made as to be in danger of enjoying the self-denial involved in refusing to satisfy his radical urges, such as the urge to redistribute income. He may also feel it necessary to prove to himself and his fellow men that he is no longer an irresponsible revolutionary (though this is by now clear). There is thus a real risk that he will be biased towards accepting *for its own sake* the strait and narrow economic path that leads to political and personal destruction. Since there are powerful economic arguments in favour of such a policy, it might be held that this is a technical, not a moral, question. There is, though, a moment during the acquisition of conservatism by osmosis from his surroundings where a man wilfully and really knowingly rejects the ends he still feels are the true moral ends; and, what is more, rejects them with relief, even enjoyment. Unfortunately, reliance on disinflation and the dismantling of both the administrative apparatus and the public opinion needed for planning may leave him little alternative. The exact scale of penalties is a matter for controversy, but deliberate rejection of good must rank high among the sins of which humans are capable. The situation in which one feels its temptation is therefore one to be most carefully avoided.

DUDLEY SEERS

The Right of Dissolution

LORD SIMON'S letter on the Royal Prerogative in *The Times* on Monday was no sudden inspiration. Ever since the election, the story has been put about that the King could refuse Mr. Attlee's request for a dissolution, if the Government were defeated. In that case, it was argued, the King could send for Mr. Churchill, who would form a Government, announce an attractive electoral programme, possibly make a coalition proposal (knowing that it would be refused) and then go to the country with all the advantages of the initiative. This is a typical example of the way in which legal obscurantists have always tried to use the Crown for their own purposes. They did it over Lloyd George's Budget and the House of Lords and over Ireland. Mr. Asquith vainly tried to repeat the performance in order to dish Labour in 1923. To-day Lord Simon actually quotes Mr. Asquith's highly partisan statement at that time, as if it had unchallengeable authority. In fact, Mr. Asquith's argument was authoritatively refuted at the time, and Mr. MacDonald was not refused the dissolution he demanded.

Lord Simon quotes as an example of a similar Royal Prerogative the Crown's right to decide, after proper consultation, whom to ask to form a Government, if it happens that at the time, through death or resignation, there is no Prime Minister. This discretionary power does reside in the Crown and was properly used when Lord Rosebery became Prime Minister in 1894 and when Mr. Baldwin was preferred to Lord Curzon in 1923. Th. reason for the survival of the Prerogative in this case is just that it is the one occasion on which there is no Prime Minister to tender advice. It is, of course, a discretion that is very narrowly defined because, in practice, the King must send for the accepted Leader of the Party commanding a majority. If, for instance, Mr. Attlee were run over by a 'bus in Parliament Square this week, a meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party would choose a leader, and the King would have no alternative but to send for him as Mr. Attlee's successor.

The maxim which determines all these

question is simple: the King must take the Prime Minister's advice. It is more than 100 years since there was an instance of the King refusing a dissolution when advised by his Cabinet, and if the Crown did, in fact, refuse the Premier's request for dissolution to-day, the inevitable result would be to bring the Monarch into the arena of party politics. If the Crown were to refuse a dissolution to Mr. Attlee and shortly afterwards grant one to Mr. Churchill—the circumstances apparently envisaged by Lord Simon—a large part of the population would certainly be convinced that the Crown had acted in a partisan way. The Republican movement, which has scarcely been heard of in Britain since 1880, would be speedily revived. KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

A FEW days ago the Attorney-General made a speech to the press about the press. Since it was a friendly and an important speech it is odd that it was so largely ignored by the press. What Sir Hartley said in effect was that he favoured the conclusions of the Porter Committee and held that in matters of reporting the press ought to receive greater security from the uncertain threat of libel. "There are some matters," he said, "which while they ought not to be retailed with impunity from mouth to mouth as a matter of idle gossip, it may be in the public interest that the press should be free to publish without risk of an action for damages." Sir Hartley did not particularise further; the examples that spring to my mind are City scandals which could scarcely be mentioned, let alone properly discussed, without running really serious legal risks. But the Attorney-General added an important and surely reasonable condition for greater press privilege. He pointed out that the bar has its privileges but that it is an organised profession with a discipline and acknowledged code of conduct. The Royal Commission on the press did at least reach one conclusion—that there should be a Press Council. "We must have," says Sir Hartley, "some such machinery which would command public confidence and which could deal with any abuses of freedom." Is it possible that mention of this condition alarmed press barons who as Lord Baldwin once remarked, now enjoy power without responsibility?

* * *

I am sure that people are going to enjoy *Chance of a Lifetime*, which opened in London this week. It is a fresh and honest film, in which Basil Radford, as managing director of a factory, challenges his workers to run it; and with some troubles, run it they do. But the cinema circuits did not like it. They criticised its "naked propaganda"—presumably because the film does not travesty working-class behaviour and capacities—and said it had no entertainment value for their audiences—though British Lion cheerfully agree to distribute it. In the past, this would have meant financial disaster for the producers, Pilgrim Pictures, who are an independent concern and made the film with private financing. But they appealed to the Board of Trade, under the 1948 Films Act, to order one of the main circuits to take the film, and after a special Selection Tribunal had agreed it was good entertainment, an order was issued and the lot fell to the Odeon theatres.

Now this is the first time that these compulsory powers have been used, and the success or failure of this experiment means a lot to independent producers. The Act was drafted some time ago, when independents were already having a hard time securing bookings for their films unless they tied up with Rank or A.B.C. The wise old men of the industry protested then that there was no need for these powers and that they would always show a film of merit. This test case shows that the powers were needed. True, most small units could not have fought so hard or waited so long for a decision as has Pilgrim. But here is a precedent. If the film fails—and Odeon have not helped its chances by putting it on in the summer months when revenues fall off anyway—then the wiseacres will crow in triumph. If it succeeds, as it deserves to, then something will have been done to bolster up the precarious position of small firms, who lack a tie-up with big money or cinema circuits, yet wish to make films of value and integrity.

* * *

A posthumous article by Professor Laski appears in the April issue of *World Horizon*, a very handsome, glossy, international magazine, which, published under the auspices of the United Nations, costs one shilling, and is edited by Francis Noel-Baker. Laski's article, which is only about half of the original, written shortly before his death, is a brave reply to Bertrand Russell's article in the previous issue on "Is a Third World War inevitable?" Russell did not say it was inevitable, but held that no kind of agreement with Russia should be attempted, even about atomic warfare. Laski could easily have exposed many flaws in Russell's argument, but he preferred the more useful course of laying down a number of points whose acceptance might lead to the end of the cold war.

* * *

The neatest comment I've seen on this April weather comes from R. J. P. Hewison whose name is familiar from our competition page.

Of cherry-bloom let Housman sing:
But I, this intempestive spring,
About the woods have gone and lo!
The cherry trees *were* hung with snow.

* * *

A schoolmaster has publicly admitted that he serves behind a bar on Saturday nights to eke out his salary. The Vice-President of the N.U.T. declared at the Easter conference that some women teachers were doing part-time work as waitresses. But the teacher's traditional method of earning extra money has always been to do a bit of extra coaching. Now a new situation has arisen. The Worcestershire education authority have dismissed from their employ Mr. N. M. Neale, not because he is inefficient—for they state that his work in school is satisfactory—but because by coaching pupils for the secondary school selection tests in his own time he is "working against the interests" of the County Council. The object of the examination, it is said, is not to prove how much a child knows but what his ability is in acquiring knowledge, and coaching for the selection test "tends to bamboozle the examiners." Mr. Neale ran correspondence courses. Indeed, he seems to have been so successful that he sometimes beat the tests which are designed to test ability rather than knowledge. Awkward for the Council; but this incident has done nothing to improve their methods of selection. It has merely brought to light the fact that parents and schoolteachers off duty can conspire to bamboozle the examiner. Mr. Neale merely did it in a big way.

* * *

That the first new popular periodical to appear in this country since the magazine freeze in 1940 should be devoted to boys' strip cartoons, is a sign of the times and of the pervasiveness of American influence. That it should be edited by a clergyman and contain not only a serial by another parson called "Plot Against the World," but also a strip cartoon of the conversion of St. Paul, is a somewhat comic example of British half-resistance to coco-colonisation. But having seen the habit-forming nature of this drug in America I regret its appearance here, while admitting that Mr. Hulton has done the job well. He has certainly struck a winner, commercially speaking. The *Eagle*, after all, is no more lurid than its Edwardian predecessors, and it is a great deal more entertaining and instructive. CRITIC

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

TORIES are setting traps,
Labour ranks close the gaps,
Tories resort to "snaps,"
Force a decision.
Loud rings the lobby bell,
Meant to be Labour's knell—
Numbers their fate will tell
In the division.

Labour its lead must hold,
Scourged by the Commons cold,
Dreaded by Whips of old,
Source of attrition;
All those who stand upright
Rally in Labour's fight,
All will ignore a slight
Indisposition.

Labour the challenge meets,
Invalids take their seats,
Back-bench resistance beats
Tory polemics;
Naught can make Labour rue
But stomach ulcers, flu,
Jaundice, mumps and a few
House epidemics.

Labour its lead maintains,
Racked with rheumatic pains,
Suffering shocks and sprains,
Slightly delirious—
Abscesses may not burst,
Breakdowns may not be nursed,
If they put duty first
Strokes are not serious.

Crocks in the common cause,
No Commons case withdraws,
Sneezing they save our laws
and Constitution—
Tories their traps contrive,
But while these keep alive,
Labour will death survive
And Dissolution.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the First entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"I think we are stifling initiative here," said Councillor R. Illidge, criticising the action of the Highways Committee at the Widnes Town Council meeting on Tuesday night, in refusing an application from a local firm to pump waste acid over a public footpath.—*Widnes Weekly News.* (L. W. Marrison.)

WILL GOD BE SILENT FOR EVER? *See This Column Next Week.*—Advt. in *Rochdale Observer.* (A. Brodie.)

Mr. Lord said last night that Sir Stafford Cripps had altered the law of England.

"What Sir Stafford Cripps has done is to reverse the decision of the House of Lords; in fact, there is no law in England any more. . . ."—*The Times.* (John Mavrogordato.)

To King and Appleby the Recorder said: "You have robbed the clergy and you have not even a wholesome respect for the football profession."—*Sunderland Echo.* (W. R. Stewart.)

Miss — said she always asked for apple juice on train journeys because she knew it was not sold. —*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.* (Mrs. Kinnear.)

Continuing his series "People Like You," Godfrey Winn moves from the semi-detached house of the O'Reillys of Birmingham to the country home of the Earl of Pembroke.—*Illustrated.* (Arnold O. Porter.)

It is notable what kindly feelings have been aroused by Brumas and her mother Ivy. I would like them to be sent to Russia on a goodwill mission.—Letter in *Evening News.* (D. B. M. Fine.)

Picture of Bonn

I. TALKING TO THE GALLERY

IT is said in Bonn that when Mr. McCloy, the U.S. High Commissioner, first saw his private offices which Dr. Adenauer's Government had furnished and equipped for him in the palatial Petersberg building, he was so shocked by their excessive luxury that he ordered an "immediate and drastic simplification." A large pigskin-covered desk was removed along with a collection of chamois-upholstered fauteuils radiating all colours of the rainbow, and next door, General Hays, the Deputy Commissioner, threw out an enormous black leather desk and replaced it by an ordinary wooden table. The cost of these trappings had been half a million marks—chargeable, through the German taxpayer, to Marshall Aid.

The ostentatious style in which the Federal Government has set itself up in business contrasts oddly with the dignified bourgeois solidity of the pre-1914 era which Adenauer himself represents and in which he would like to clothe the odd assortment of men who make up his administration. Evidently the new State was determined to earn the respect of the world by starting its career with an impressive bang. Once again a dilapidated world was to see what German efficiency, ingenuity and imagination were able to contrive amid acute material distress. The result, overlooking the pleasant banks of the Rhine, is a weird mixture of Stratford-upon-Avon, Lyons' Corner House and the Embassy that Ribbentrop built.

How is parliamentary democracy faring in the large, light and airy Chamber of modern "functional" style which was built in the record time of a few months, complete with spacious lobby, garish restaurant and all the requisite offices? It has no choice but to conform to its architectural pattern: it talks to the gallery. Members are seated in semi-circular rows on the floor of the House, facing a huge, black, elevated dais, whose right half is reserved for the Cabinet, the left for members of the Upper House. Below it is the "stand" used by members addressing the House. The gallery, accommodating press and public, is suspended below the ceiling directly facing the Government dais. Thus Members on the "stand" cannot see the Ministers whom they may or may not be addressing; raised from the floor of the House above the heads of their fellow-members, they are compelled to face the gallery. The loudspeaker installation ensures a series of public orations.

This symbolises the Adenauer conception of democracy. Once in office, the Government no longer considers itself part of parliament, but literally "above" it; rarely, if ever, does it take the House into its confidence or invite its co-operation. High up, it has made itself inaccessible. In addition, the House suffers from a grossly incompetent Speaker, who has done more than any other individual to discredit the institution and to undermine popular confidence that it can be made to work. Prestige and confidence are low enough as it is. The *Bundestag* is generally referred to as "*dieser komische Verein*," this funny club. Relations between Government and Opposition are on a basis of unrestrained discourtesy. The ghost of the dying days of Weimar, when Goebbels turned the Reichstag into a mud-wrestling tournament, stalks this House in more than one shape.

In the past six months 1,200 speeches have been made from the "stand" in order to pass 24 sundry pieces of legislation, among which the most "urgent" and lengthily debated was Minister of the Interior Heinemann's Law for the Protection of the Civil Service. Members of the Coalition parties have not yet understood that they greatly add to the present dragging procedure by introducing private Bills which should properly be placed before the House through their representatives in the Cabinet. On the other hand, the Government itself is attempting to make all legislative initiative its monopoly. Opposition Bills, like the Socialists' sensible Housing Bill, are not taken because "the Government is preparing its own draft," which invariably takes weeks before it is presented. This is but one of the ways in which the Government's tendency to ride roughshod and self-righteously over the rights of the Opposition manifests itself. The Chancellor would rather bite off his own tongue than admit that Dr. Schumacher has an idea worth considering, and makes little attempt to win the Opposition's support for his own measures. His own frequent and ill-concealed acts of interference in parliamentary business and procedure are beginning to annoy his own supporters, and more than once has it happened, as over the Saar question, that the Government was finally constrained to back the Opposition. If Schumacher picks on "nationalist" topics to assert the weight of the Opposition in the House, this is not solely his fault.

As for the Government apparatus, it is far too big—measured by the needs of the country and the funds available. There are 14 Ministries, and their total staff is now over 6,000, costing the Federal Republic 1,500 million marks, or more than 10 per cent. of its revenue. Attempts made from all sides during the recent Budget debate to cut down the number of Departments were stone-walled by the Government and defeated. As a result, Jakob Kaiser's ill-defined Ministry for All-German Questions —a wit recently demanded it should be complemented by a Department for All-German Answers—which duplicates much of the work of the Refugee Ministry, continues with no fewer than 79 full-time staff; and a purely nominal liaison Department, the Ministry for *Bundesrat* Affairs, has a State Secretary and 9 senior officials, costing 315,000 marks annually. And still bureaucracy keeps swelling.

But, although the limits of employability have been drawn dangerously wide in order to admit men of ability and experience but of doubtful political record, the lack of suitable personnel for the higher grades of the administration is a constant complaint. It is becoming particularly apparent at present when it is a question of staffing the Consular offices which the Republic is now permitted to establish abroad. Dr. Schlange-Schoeningen was selected as Consul-General in New York, but his departure was delayed week after week, simply because the thirty qualified people necessary for his staff could not be found. He is now coming to London, instead. No candidates with a suitable background have yet been found to head the other Consular Missions.

Dr. Adenauer is said to be in favour of attracting fresh people "without a political past" into the service, but he admitted recently that he would not be able to do without some of the old "experts" of the *Auswärtiges Amt*. His Consuls abroad, he said in the foreign affairs debate, although mainly concerned with economic matters, "would have to fulfil many of the functions which are normally those of regular diplomats." Hence the call for "experts." Even now, in one of the three separate offices which are preparing the ground for the establishment of a future West German Foreign Office, 18 out of 26 officials are known to be former Nazi Party members and or Wilhelmstrasse men. In another, out of 25 officials, 16 belonged to the Nazi Foreign Office and 10 were Party members; and in a third 5 out of 7 are ex-Nazis. None of the other Ministers has as yet gone as far as Herr Hellwege, the Right-wing Minister without Portfolio who employs a well-known Nazi Sub-Gauleiter named Ehrich as his assistant, and cannot be persuaded to sack him; but the tendency towards a "closed shop" of cronies of the Old-Heidelberg duelling variety is felt everywhere. They are swarming the streets of Bonn in search of employment; and, one after another, disappear behind a secure desk.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

Bonn, April.

Hanging in the Balance

A ROYAL COMMISSION of twelve members, under the chairmanship of Sir Ernest Gowers, has been sitting in public for two days every month since last August to hear evidence on the subject of Capital Punishment. The Commission will probably continue its sessions for another nine months before making its final report. But the examination of witnesses has lasted long enough for the onlooker to form an interim opinion about the proceedings.

There are four main questions for the Royal Commission to determine. Are too many people being hanged at present? Is hanging the best method of execution? Ought the law to be altered so that fewer death sentences are passed? Do the McNaughton Rules, by which legal insanity is defined in criminal cases, require modification or expansion? The abolition of Capital Punishment does not come specifically within the Commission's purview.

At the opening session, the Permanent Under-Secretary to the Home Office submitted statistical tables of the murders in this country during the last fifty years, coupled with a memorandum showing how capital offences are dealt with to-day. The statistics are in one way reassuring, but in another rather depressing. The waves of homicide, which the popular press eagerly pictures breaking over our heads, flatten out to a mere ripple under the scrutiny of the statistician. But every year it seems inevitable that between one hundred and two hundred of our fellow citizens should be assassinated. Of course the great majority of murderers are lunatics, of whom many commit suicide and some go to Broadmoor. But some twenty-four murderers each year are sentenced to death and face the possibility of execution. Of those condemned to death, the Home Secretary on an average reprieves two out of five to life imprisonment; the remainder are hanged. Thus the chief problem to exercise the wits of the Commission will be how ought a civilised community to deal with its annual crop of twenty-four sane murderers; and, more particularly, whether it is right that fourteen of them, as things are at present, should go to the gallows.

The Home Office memorandum is humane, dispassionate—and non-committal. When asked how the Home Secretary actually proceeds in reviewing death sentences, the Permanent Under Secretary, Sir Frank Newsam, gave the admirable answer:—"We start off like this: what can we find to justify the exercise of mercy?"

After Sir Frank, a succession of Chief Constables, Prison Governors, Prison Warders, Prison Chaplains, Prison Doctors and Police took the stand. In their opinion there is nothing much wrong with the present system. (If you ask the cogs in a smooth-running well-oiled machine what is amiss, they look at you in amazement.) The chaplains did, indeed, suggest that some of the prisoners they had seen hanged were "redeemable," and might have been reprieved with advantage; and the doctors were in favour of raising the age-limit for execution from 18 to 21, on the grounds that an adolescent is not fully responsible for his crime. Capital Punishment they all regard as a deterrent. The prison warders believe that it protects prison warders; the police that it saves the lives of untold night-watchmen, cashiers, jewellers—and policemen.

The actual method of execution apparently leaves nothing to be desired in the minds of the participants. The condemned man is "reconciled" to the event after he loses his last hope of reprieve; the prison warders play dominoes with him; the chaplain helps him to settle up his private affairs; and he gets a nip of brandy at the last to fortify him. The speed of the final operation is fabulous. Inside twenty seconds from the moment the executioner enters the condemned cell the man is dead. The only improvements suggested are that the warders might be allowed a smoke and to play some other game than dominoes, and that the condemned man might like a last listen-in to the B.B.C. Such unanimous approbation of hanging as the most quick and painless method of leaving this world eventually provoked Sir Ernest Gowers to the tart comment: "There is an association for euthanasia. . . . I can hardly believe that if they are actually successful they will choose the method of hanging."

On the question of altering the law to avoid the passing of death sentences in cases which are bound to be reprieved, the Public Prosecutor made a hopeful suggestion. "Mercy" killings and the survivors of genuine suicide pacts are the two instances where the death sentence is invariably commuted. If suicide were no felony in England (as in Scotland), these two cases would no longer even be crimes. A one-clause Act of Parliament would solve all difficulty.

The discussion of the famous McNaughton Rules revived the familiar tug-of-war between doctors and lawyers. This definition of criminal insanity, drawn up in 1843 to allay public disquiet and the alarm of Queen Victoria over the acquittal of Daniel McNaughton, has always been a legal anomaly and is nowadays a medical absurdity. A legal anomaly, because it is neither case law nor statute law but an *obiter dictum* of the massed judiciary of England; a medical absurdity because the view of insanity put forward by doctors in 1843 (on which the Judges based their rules) is so foreign to psychiatrists in 1950 that the two do not speak the same language. The effect of the Rules has been that for over a century the decision whether a lunatic should be found guilty of murder has been in the power of the individual judge, who can stretch or contract their interpretation to his own liking.

Fortunately for condemned lunatics, by the Common Law of England no madman can be executed. The Home Secretary appoints a panel of doctors to examine every condemned person whose sanity is in question; and, if certified insane, such persons are respited to Broadmoor. This procedure was laid down by the Criminal Lunatics Act of 1884; but even before that date the Broadmoor records show that madmen were constantly reprieved after sentence of death, under Common Law.

The testimony of the Lord Chief Justice before the Commission becomes therefore all the more remarkable. Lord Goddard's evidence revealed that he approved unequivocally of capital punishment both as a deterrent and as an expression of "society's abhorrence of the crime of murder." As for insanity, once a lunatic has failed in his McNaughton test, the Home Office should let the law take its course: there were too many reprieves. And it would not be satisfactory to make the issue of sanity a subject of second trial by judge and jury, if the plea of not guilty failed. That would be allowing a prisoner "two bites at a cherry."

In discussing with the Commission the Chalk Pit Murder Case, at which he had presided, Lord Goddard went even further. Ley, the murderer, was quite mad and a victim of a paranoiac delusion: he believed that his elderly mistress was having sexual relations with the young barman whom he murdered, although she had not the slightest acquaintance with the boy. Ley was so mad that he refused to plead insanity, and so never came up against the McNaughton formula. After the Lord Chief Justice had sentenced him to death, he was certified insane by the Home Office panel of doctors and removed to Broadmoor where he died within six weeks. "I suppose you would not have wished that man to hang?" Lord Goddard was asked. "I should have thought it was very proper that he should have been hanged," came the reply.

It might have been proper, but it would have been in breach of the Common Law of England.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

This Modern Age

ALL sections of the film industry have been hard hit by the crisis of the last year, but none more so than the documentary producers. Short films have never been economic propositions in the British cinema: before the war, most of the pioneering documentaries were sponsored by private firms or by public utilities, and the war-time boom was sustained by the contracts handed out by the Ministry of Information and the Services. It is very rare for a short film to earn back enough to pay its cost, for its share of the box-office receipts is too small, even when it is lucky enough to secure a good range of bookings. It has, moreover, to compete with American two-reel documentaries and shorts, or cartoons, which are often rented for a song or given away with a main feature.

These difficulties serve to emphasise the real achievement of "This Modern Age" series, produced by a unit of the Rank Organisation, which is now threatened with closure on grounds of economy. It was started just after the war, and has issued punctually each month a two-reel study of a specific topic. Previously, "March of Time" had dominated this field. "This Modern Age" did a better and more objective job, and one which had more audience

appeal. Its films were much more than illustrated narratives. They were fair and well-informed discussions that did not shrink from controversy, dealing, for instance, with such issues as the struggle in Palestine, Trieste or the Sudan dispute. At home, they dealt with the coal industry, housing, gambling, holidays, and the future of Scotland. They struck a real balance between instruction and a stimulus to debate. Technically, and in terms of popular education, these shorts added much to the prestige of the British film industry. It is to Mr. Rank's credit that he gave the producers at least as much freedom as the average newspaper editor enjoys. "This Modern Age" unit, under the guidance of Sergei Nolbandov and the writer, J. L. Hodson, became one of Mr. Rank's genuine contributions to the British cinema.

But Mr. Rank is now counting his pennies. Once the "Modern Age" films on the stocks are completed by the end of the summer, it is proposed to close down the unit. How much has the unit been costing Mr. Rank? Precise figures are not available, but each film must cost about £10,000, and the average loss would be of the order of £2,500, making an overall loss of roughly £30,000 a year. Quite apart from the fact that such a figure is a tiny proportion of the Rank organisation's total losses and no more than what may be lost on a single feature film, two simple facts emerge. First, the average "Modern Age" film has been getting about 2,500 bookings, apart from non-theatrical showings in schools, Service units and so on. If the average rental for a week's booking were increased by only one pound (ten admissions) "This Modern Age" could break even. Secondly, this decision lies largely with Mr. Rank himself. As distributor and exhibitor (as well as the producer of the films) he could simply reallocate the receipts from the box-office. Whether "This Modern Age" makes a profit or not is largely a matter of book-keeping within the Rank Organisation, for a large proportion of "This Modern Age's" good bookings are in Rank cinemas, and other cinemas rent these films from Mr. Rank as a distributor.

Then must the series die, when it has done so good a job? If Mr. Rank cannot be persuaded that, for reasons of prestige and of public education, sentence should be postponed, is there any means of meeting the gap between production costs and revenue? One solution would be for a philanthropic foundation to underwrite the losses—just as the Carnegie Trust provided backing for the conversion of A.B.C.A. into the Bureau of Current Affairs. Or, since this remedy is probably utopian, could the Board of Trade put up money through the Film Finance Corporation as it has put up millions for feature producers? If the argument is that the Government cannot knowingly underwrite losses, then the answer must be that the Corporation's report shows that it has in fact already done so. While there may be some understandable objection to pumping public money into any part of the Rank organisation, it could be done on two conditions: first, that the producers of "This Modern Age" should enjoy at least as much editorial freedom as in the past, and, secondly, that the Rank distribution facilities would guarantee bookings on the present scale. Alternatively, the Board of Trade might bless the conversion of "This Modern Age" into a co-operative venture, just as Mr. Wilson publicly encouraged the new feature-making co-operative formed by the technicians of the industry. But something should be done to save this documentary series. It has done a worthwhile job; it has been free of any suspicion of Government propaganda, and has held the breach for British documentary production at a time when less fortunately placed units have had to go out of business. It would be a serious loss if it just faded into a pleasant memory.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

So They Say . . .

LAST Monday was the 50th anniversary of the *Daily Express*. In a personal message reiterating his belief in the Empire, Lord Beaverbrook observed with wonderment: "I had thought when I took over the *Daily Express* 30 years ago that the newspaper would serve my political passions. I was wrong . . ." and added: "I have sought to ensure that news would never be distorted . . it is my determination that the news columns of the *Daily Express* will serve the public interest . . ." A slight uncertainty about the supremacy of this high purpose is, however, discernible in the editorial, which states: "We want to please the people. Not for us the long, lugubrious account of dull, and uninspiring events . . ."

A chance of judging what news the *Express* finds too dull for its readers at once presented itself. That same day there began in London the preliminaries to what the *Sunday Times* called the Three Powers' "most comprehensive review of world strategy since the end of the war." All last week there were important stories leading up to this conference. At what length were they reported by the *Express* and its "popular" contemporaries?

On April 14, General Omar Bradley, Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, made a speech which the *News Chronicle* used as its front page lead, headlined OMAR BRADLEY STATES THE PRICE OF PEACE—YIELD SOVEREIGNTY TO BUILD SAFETY—ATLANTIC PACT BETTER THAN ANY BOMBS. The story itself occupied a column. The *Express* gave Bradley 2ins. on p. 2, the *Herald* 2ins., the *Graphic* 1 inch. The *Mail* and *Mirror* ignored him.

Two days later M. Bidault, the French Premier, made a speech at Lyons, again prominently featured by the *News Chronicle*, under the headline FRANCE TO URGE NEW PEACE COUNCIL—a plan for the London Conference. He got 4ins. in the *Mail* and *Herald*, 20 words in the *Express*, and nothing in the *Graphic* or *Mirror*.

Finally, there was Mr. Acheson's important six-point foreign policy speech last Saturday night. The *News Chronicle* carried a front-page story headlined ACHESON HAS UNITY PLAN FOR PACT NATIONS. Its editorial added: "In the midst of differing advice and policies that sometimes seem to clash, there is great risk of confusion for the ordinary man. It is only when he is shown the picture as a coherent whole—as Mr. Acheson has shown it—that the pieces fall into place . . ." Perhaps the other "populars" felt that their readers required no assistance for political jigsaw puzzles. Certainly no mention of either Mr. Acheson or the London talks did I find in the *Daily Mail*, *Daily Graphic*, *Daily Mirror*, or *Daily Herald* (whose p. 1 headline read: ADENAUER SINGS IT AGAIN). The *Express*, mindful of its purpose, did give Mr. Acheson five sentences on p. 2—at the end of a story headlined: WHAT LENIN TOLD THE EXPRESS.

Oddment

Sidelight on the loss of the American plane in the Baltic was the publication, in the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, of an interview with the wife of the missing co-pilot. She stated that she had received a letter from her husband, saying that he was going on a "secret mission," and was "all excited about it." After a visit from U.S. Intelligence officers, she retracted her statement. The reporter concerned did not. This story, carried by the United Press, found space in Britain only in last Friday's *Daily Worker*.

AUTOLYCUS

F. O. Matthiessen

WE first heard of F.O. Matthiessen over here when the Oxford University Press published his *Achievement of T. S. Eliot* in 1935—a book that has worn so well that the latest study of Eliot's poetry, by Helen Gardner, deliberately begins where Matthiessen left off. In that book Matthiessen had pointed to the similarities between Eliot and Henry James—and they were less obvious then than now; and, after Harvard had acquired the James papers, Matthiessen turned on to the novelist the lucid intelligence and active sympathy with which he had illuminated *The Waste Land* and *Ash Wednesday*. He wrote a fascinating account of the brilliant, sensitive and erratic James family. He edited Henry James's *Notebooks*—a prodigious labour; in *Henry James, the Major Phase*, he produced a masterly critique of the great novels of the later period.

Matthiessen had the exact, thorough scholarship we expect of American professors (he held the chair of literature at Harvard); but he wasn't a pedant, he never let the minutiae obscure his general view. He hated the loose generalisation and the flabby appreciation; but he had the gift, which he praised in Eliot's criticism, of seizing on some definite point—Eliot's use of an image, or James's revision of a sentence—and using it to illuminate the writer's whole outlook and method. He didn't believe in the scholars staking out little private claims in the jungle of literature: the important thing was for all to provide a "community of knowledge" in which all might share; to keep up values which were ultimately every writer's concern. I didn't know Professor Matthiessen personally, but I had a sample of his generosity when, before he had published his edition of the James *Notebooks*, he went to some trouble to hunt up for me a reference by James to the original of his story *The Author of Beltraffio*.

One felt in reading Matthiessen's criticism

that it was the writing of a full man, who brought to his study of a particular author far more than a knowledge of that author's literary ancestors. If he spoke with such authority of certain books and writers it was partly because his experience was not limited to what can be learnt from books. He was a liberal, and a passionate believer in the possibilities of democracy. His last book, *From the Heart of Europe*, was a diary of the few months when he lectured at the Charles University at Prague in the autumn of 1947. It reflected distress, but hardly despair. In Czechoslovakia then, it still seemed possible to hope, some way of life might be found that did not exclude or renounce either Russia or the West. But shortly after Matthiessen left Prague the Communists took over, Masaryk threw himself out of a window; not long after he reached home, the American witch-hunts began, with every liberal a suspect. Three weeks ago, Matthiessen threw himself out of a twelfth-floor window in Boston, leaving a note which spoke of the "terrible oppression of the present tensions." His death can only be called tragic: another demonstration that the people who can best arouse and instruct our sensibilities—moral and social as well as literary and aesthetic—are by their nature most vulnerable themselves to the tensions which their work may have helped others to understand and endure.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Addio Casino!

CASINO, please, with the accent on the middle syllable. For every Italian of tact and distinction, if he wishes to refer to one of those wicked and notorious Homes of Roulette and Trente-et-quarante would call it—in the French way—a Casinò. But that is not the place we have to deal with; we mean the Casino, the "little house," the brothel to be explicit, and we call it by this, its most popular name. "*Bordello*," or the semi-official "*casa di tolleranza*" have never caught the popular imagination, nor even my own favourite expression, used by the Public Security Law with that flair for archaic outspokenness which sometimes distinguished the language of the Fascists—"*casa di meretricio*."

But, whatever the name, Farewell it must be; the Italian Parliament, following the example of France, has pronounced sentence of death on the Casino—Marthe Richard has found her counterpart in the Senatoress Merlin. Yet there is no ground for immediate anxiety: Holy Year, throughout its length, will see the "little houses" flourishing. The Church, with wise and human understanding of her children's love of feasting and fornication, will not see disappointed the hosts of pilgrims who look forward to a riot of sinning and salvation.

Not that the Casinos will provide much scope for feasting. The British Film Censors, with their customary zeal for the education of the masses, have made it possible for the British public to study briefly the interior of an Italian brothel—in *Bicycle Thieves*. In spite of the affirmation of the "Madame" that it is the "*prima casa di Roma*," it is a pretty mediocre establishment. But even if it were a more expensive place it would not be less drab and dreary. The Casino always has its walls tiled, an aspect which it shares with public lavatories and dairies. Everything is strictly hygienic and, so to speak, to the point—no music, dancing or drinking, with the exception perhaps of an occasional smuggled-in bottle of beer.

Yet the place is anything but completely lacking in social grace and significance. There is, for instance, a weekly gathering of husbands who, by habit and tradition, make use of their wives' preoccupation with Morning Mass on Sunday for a little visit to the Casino, and the gathering of a number of people of equal status intent on a common aim assumes quite naturally the nature of a social event. Then there used to be certain political meetings which, having dragged on to their inevitable climax of boredom and tedium, transformed themselves ceremonially into a company of seekers after amorous pleasures, and repaired to their local Casino.

There is a traditional custom in Italy that a good business dinner, likely to yield the desired result, should provide the esteemed guest with an aftermath at the Casino. And it is in this connection that experience teaches one to make a strict dividing line between feasting and fornication. It happened to one host that a guest supplied with too much drink before being dispatched to the Casino fell into a leaden sleep in that establishment and could not be got rid of before the next morning. This sadly inflated the host's expenses because in these places they charge time rates.

Novices may doubt the social character of the Casino when observing the extraordinary delicacy with which incoming and outgoing guests are kept apart. By a sort of bush telegraph up and down the stairs, consisting of the two words "*salgono*" and "*scendono*" (they are ascending, descending) the stairs are kept clear for the upwards and downwards traffic respectively. An outgoing customer is carefully steered around the "salon" so that he does not encounter those waiting, and an elaborate spying system sees to it that not even on the doorstep on his way out can he bump into an impatient guest. All this studied organisation is not, as one can see, against social intercourse in general, but only between gentlemen before and after, say, disillusionment.

Students of sexual life in Italy cannot fully suppress their anxiety at the thought of the approaching end of the Casino. It certainly provided an outlet for the most vivid urges of the average Italian, and if it added certain dangers to the health of Italian youth, it equally averted other dangers from the peaceful individual of female sex. Foreign ladies, always considered by the Italian young man as fair game for his desires, will have to be doubly careful in future. But the dangers inherent in the abolition of the Casino should not be exaggerated. What is going to be abolished is only the officially licensed and controlled brothel, which still leaves all the free-lance prostitutes, the illegal houses of ill repute, the "*Maisons de Rendez-vous*," which were of course always frequented by the best people.

G. W.

The Arts and Entertainment

BALLET IMPERIAL: A MUSICIAN'S VIEW

AMONG the many virtues of *Ballet Imperial*, the Balanchine-Tchaikovsky ballet recently mounted at Covent Garden, one is pre-eminent: the return to pure dancing. Though I am not a passionate follower of the ballet, and make no claim to apprehend it very vividly or to feel its emotional impact very deeply, yet I can share the delight which this return has aroused among enthusiasts. There is a place for mime in ballet, just as there is a place for recitative and declamation in opera; but in modern ballet, especially in English ballet, there has been a long-continued tendency for mime to drive out pure lyrical dancing, just as in modern opera there has been a parallel tendency for declamation and recitative to drive out pure lyrical song. If the mere musician wishes to understand the rapture with which *Ballet Imperial* has been received, he must exercise his imagination, and suppose that some leading modern composer had written an opera which contained, from end to end of the score, golden opportunities for the singer—expressive cantilena, brilliant coloratura, sparkling ensembles—in short, a modern equivalent, if such a thing can be conceived, of Mozart's *Così fan tutte*.

Is *Ballet Imperial*, then, one of the great ballets of the century? Are we henceforth to think of it as we think of *Sylphides* and *Tricorne*, *Petrouchka* and *La Boutique Fantasque*? A good deal of the comment which it has evoked seems to imply no less; and yet I feel sure that, whatever its virtues, *Ballet Imperial* is not a masterpiece of this order. It is a translation into terms of abstract choreography of a virtuoso piano concerto—one which is not well known in the concert room, though we may now expect it to become more popular: Tchaikovsky's No. 2 in G major. In devising patterns to fit the musical structure, Balanchine has shown wonderful taste, subtlety and resource; again and again, especially in the slow movement, he has created sequences of a magical beauty and appropriateness. What he has done, no one could have done better; when he is defeated, it is only when defeat could hardly, in the nature of the case, have been avoided.

Let me explain that the doubts which a musician may feel about *Ballet Imperial* have nothing to do with the objections formerly raised against some of Massine's symphonic ballets. The decisive objection to basing a ballet on the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven or the Fourth of Brahms (*Choreartium*) is that merely to listen to these complete and elaborate works of art, with their closely logical structure, is a whole-time job, from which any spectacle, however beautiful in itself, can only be a distraction. To "dance" a Beethoven Symphony is scarcely less appropriate than to set to music, for voice and piano, a book of *Paradise Lost*. When Massine turned to Berlioz's *Fantastic Symphony* or Tchaikovsky's Fifth (*Les Présages*), he was far more successful; not only because both these works contain an element of picturesque "programme," but because the music is more loosely organised, closer to the suite than the symphony, and frequently based on actual dance or march rhythms. It is indeed a commonplace of criticism that Tchaikovsky's symphonies are often disguised ballet music; and it was therefore reasonable to expect that one of his concertos would serve a choreographer's purpose at least equally well.

So far as concerns the slow movement and the

finale of this Second Concerto, the experiment has been wholly successful. The main trouble comes in the first movement, and it arises, I think, from three causes: the length of the movement, its poor quality as music, and the difficulty of finding a single and consistent equivalent, in terms of the dance, for the rhetorical one-against-all pattern of the romantic virtuoso concerto. Before the curtain rises, we sit through several minutes of Tchaikovsky alone, and these make a feeble exordium to the splendid display we are about to witness. Tchaikovsky is seldom deficient in melodic invention, but the first subject of this concerto is laboured, square-cut and pointlessly emphatic. (Let me digress to remark that the music suffers unfairly at Covent Garden from the shallow rattling tone of the theatre's Blüthner: a tone for which the admirable pianist, Mr. Angus Morrison, is in no way responsible.) The curtain rises to display a grandiose impression, perhaps rather Teutonic in style, of Imperial Russia; neither the stage picture nor its lighting changes throughout the three movements, and the whole weight is thus thrown upon choreography and music. Their conjunction is often ingenious and beautiful in the highest degree: for example, when the *tremolando* beginning of an orchestral tutti is paralleled by the gradual quivering into motion of the corps de ballet. A thrilling effect is certainly produced when the pianist's long barnstorming cadenza is used to accompany a wonderful flashing solo for the prima ballerina. Nevertheless, Balanchine has not found it possible to associate the solo pianist throughout with any one dancer; naturally, he has had to distribute the almost incessant solo music among two or three of his principals. Nor would it be appropriate for any ballerina to "impersonate" the pianist, whose role (in this movement) is essentially masculine, oratorical, even tub-thumping. And finally, even if a complete dancer-pianist identification were possible (and even if the piano were in better condition), would there not remain something aesthetically incongruous in the experience of huge rhetorical climaxes thundered out by an invisible performer who is *meant* to be the lion of the occasion, while a feather-light dancer appropriates the glory? Imagine a ballet in which, *at the back of the orchestra pit and out of sight*, Galli-Curci sang the Mad Scene from *Lucia*, or Flagstad Isolde's Narration, while up above a dancer "interpreted" the music, and you will grasp the inherent incongruity in an exaggerated form.

In the slow movement, where Tchaikovsky is at his most voluptuous and the soloist becomes a caressing lover, and in the finale, where the soloist's role is decorative and playful rather than rhetorical, this problem does not arise—not at any rate in nearly so acute a form; and consequently it is here that Balanchine's invention and the dancers' skill come fully into their own, providing us with one of the most moving and beautiful spectacles that London has seen for many years. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

NOT having seen *The Lady's not for Burning* on the stage, I found the broadcast version the other evening wholly enchanting. For if the theatre demands poetry, or at least heightened language, even more so does radio, in which the word is the beginning and the end of all illusion. "What a wonderful thing is metaphor," said one of Mr. Fry's characters, and though I felt that not all the metaphors would bear close examination, the way in which they danced along, their bubbling gaiety, was exhilarating, and a rare experience for a radio critic. If Miss Mary Frances Flack's play in the Third, *A Ram in the Thicket*, failed to satisfy, it was, I think, partly because the language she used was not interesting in itself. As a play, this study of the clash of loyalties within a Jewish family in Tel-Aviv during the fighting in 1947, might well be successful on the stage, though its *dénouement* seemed to me too easy and too obvious to be dramatically convincing. Inevitably one was reminded of the plays based on the Irish "Troubles," but with the finest of these, Mr. O'Casey's, *A Ram in the Thicket* could not compare because it lacked the transfiguration that heightened speech gives to a theme. What did come over was an impression of literal truth, especially where the home life of the Gavronsky family was concerned. That was something; yet the very success indicated that radio was not the proper medium for this play. Radio is intimate; there is nothing equivalent to the footlights or proscenium arch between the listener and the performance. Aesthetic distance must be sought in other ways. But in *A Ram in the Thicket* the Gavronsky family poured its Jewish exuberance and intensity so relentlessly through the loud-speaker that one inhibited Englishman, at any rate, found all the symptoms of claustrophobia creeping upon him and longed to steal away into the next room out of somebody else's thick family atmosphere. But the acting was excellent, Mr. Theodore Bikel's father and Miss Lilly Kann's mother expecially so; Miss Joan Miller, as the daughter from England, I felt over-played.

Of comparative newcomers to radio-writing none has proved more rewarding than Mr. Christopher Sykes. All his work has a most pleasing humanity; one feels, listening to his programmes, that one is in the presence of civilisation and urbanity. I did not greatly care for his recent dramatic feature, *A Study in Loyalty*, where he was doing less well something that he had already done admirably in another form. But his *Talleyrand in 1814*, broadcast last week in the Third, was a fascinating study, very well written and beautifully explicit; a dramatisation of what one might have thought impossible to dramatise, the tangled events of 1814, with all Europe for its setting. It was a fine piece of exposition characterised in production by some first-rate acting and by first-rate narration by Mr. James McKechnie, who never, whenever one hears him, puts a foot wrong.

Ever since Mr. Betjeman gave his famous reading of his own poems I have been waiting to hear him again. Last week he read "The Scholar Gipsy" and "Love in a Valley." If ever poetry readings should be popular, these of Mr. Betjeman's ought to be. They are, viewed as entertainment, a superb act. Mr. Betjeman is quite unabashed by the microphone; he creates the illusion of utter spontaneity; he breaks off at the end of a stanza to point out the beauty of a line, to describe the shape and feeling of the poem. It is, perhaps, something like listening to Pachmann. But his zest and enthusiasm for what he is reading are irresistible. One's only complaint is that, so far, these programmes have been heard only in the Third. They should be re-broadcast in the Home Service, where poetry programmes have now become a rarity. WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Jour de Fête," at the Cameo-Polytechnic
"State Secret," at the Plaza

Jour de Fête is two films. One sets out to capture lyrically the twenty-four hours' visit (three or six days', in my experience) of a touring fair to the Indre neighbourhood. This, involving a real village and its denizens, is charming but half-hearted. The jolly equipage rolls in, the word goes round, the inhabitants doll themselves up and trot out, and we are all set for a rustic *Quatorze Juillet*; but somehow the poem doesn't materialise. The holiday is frittered away, and we know no more about the old sciatic lady, whose inquisitive nose naturally appears round corners before herself, and the innkeeper's wife with a reckless taste in slow-drying seat varnish and in Paris gowns, than when we started. They appear, they are forgotten, they reappear to round off our visit. This vestigial local lyric has, in fact, two endings: one at the end of the Saturday, and the other twenty-four hours later, after the piece has run another three or four reels. (One gathers, incidentally, that the film was intended as a two-reeler, and then improved on itself.)

The second of the two films implicit in *Jour de Fête* involves the knockabout adventures of the village postman; and him we do get to know indeed and could never tire of. What has burst the sides of this semi-documentary is the discovery or self-imposition of a new comedian, M. Jacques Tati. He plays the postman and also directs the film. He goes on, far beyond the original intention, because (one feels) he just couldn't help it. His presence is quite irresistible. In person, a music-hall de Gaulle, with swivel head, talkative hands, and a potato in his voice. He supervises the setting up of a maypole, and his unintelligible orders are accompanied by the sort of balletic display that a camel, if taught to express itself, might elegantly furnish. Mount him on a bicycle. Give him a glimpse of American post methods with helicopters and parachutists. Despatch him, this lank, stick-backed, unsmiling individual, pedalling off on a mad chase after up-to-dateness, until in the end his bicycle goes by itself on a tour of the country roads, and you have the final phase of his lunacy. Not every moment of Tati's appearance on the screen is funny, but where there's not fun there's the anticipation of it: he is expert in producing his gags for the eye, and he never lets you down. The laughs he gets out of traffic escapes on his bike or an attacking bee are knockabout of silent vintage; from the same bin comes also the cross-eyed assistant with a perplexing mallet aim; and among comic devices that are brilliant not only in their effect but in themselves are his bicycle charges into a café and appearances at an upper window, and the belated revelation—in the room

LOOK at these years

New subscribers are now being enrolled for KEESING'S 8th Volume which starts on July 1st.

To anyone seriously interested in current affairs there is nothing to beat KEESING'S documentation of national and international Politics, Economics, Social Questions.

This unique Reference Tool records the important events, speeches, communiqués, agreements, etc., the world over and tabulates them neatly in loose-leaf supplements which are sent to subscribers every week, covered by a cumulative Index which is reborn 26 times a year.

No wonder then that a host of N. S. & N. readers have taken the service for many years and no doubt at all that—if you still lack KEESING'S—you, too, should at least get to know all about it.

The current and previous volumes are now available at reduced prices.

Make sure of your copy by asking for full details now.

TIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!

Keesing's Publ. Ltd. · Keynsham · Bristol
Please supply free details of your service.

Name.....

Address.....N.St.50

where a gentleman is putting a finishing touch to his Sunday best—of another gentleman, laid out for eternity, behind the door.

M. Tati, in fact, is a joy, and after a while we don't give, comparatively, a damn whether his film has been well constructed or not: one only hopes he will go on making films, as many as possible, and with as resourceful an impulse.

Construction is the weak point of *State Secret*, an otherwise first-rate thriller written and directed by Sidney Gilliat. The enormous flash-back, which gives three-quarters of the action, should have made only a little loop; the chase is too prolonged, and tension jerks and slackens when it should exert an increasing pull. But this failing apart, *State Secret* makes its own grooves as a thriller should. No better police-state than Vosnia has been created for purposes of adventure and satire, and its inhabitants talk Vosnian most convincingly. For considerable stretches—much of the way, in fact—Mr. Gilliat contrives that atmosphere in which everything excites, and we live from minute to minute on the threat of the familiar. Will the harbouring queue move on in time? Has the car passed the door? What does the barber's smile signify? Thence to the easier agonies of road racing and climbing the Dolomites. I could have wished that hero and heroine had been a little further from those old thriller types, the fagged American visitor and the local singer with an accent, though Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and Miss Glynis Johns personify these ideals with charm. Mr. Herbert Lom gives a lightning sketch of a Vosnian Peter Lorre that is almost the best thing in the film. But the whole piece crackles with liveliness.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE FRENCH CONTEMPORARIES

In Paris Now is the title given by the Leicester Galleries to their present exhibition of twenty-four contemporary French painters. If Léger and Villon are subtracted it can be said of the remaining twenty-two that they are all "younger" members of the present School, or Schools, of Paris. Yet Borès, who, though mild, is the best of these, is fifty-four, and the famous Pignon, already fast deteriorating into a stylist, is forty-five. Only Buffet, of those present in this show, is really young (he is twenty-two). That he is one of the strongest you may discover from two pale, ordinary-sized still-lives (36 and 38): some very large, fascinating "empty" interiors proved the same thing to me elsewhere last spring. The "emptiness" of these two still-lives is equally effective: they have been done with a pencil, used straight on the wet, grey-white ground, which it ploughs through rather as Picasso's spluttering, splintering charcoal stick ploughed through the thick, wet, white ground of his Antibes satyr panels, lodging charcoal splinters in the paint to left and right of the great electric black-grey line itself. Here, Buffet stretches his objects outwards, sucking their spiky yet flat forms towards the edges of the canvas: they become transparent silhouettes, yet without loss of volume or space. You see *through* each form (for there is only outline), much as you see *through* the abstract ribs of a Reginald Butler iron figure. Perhaps Minaux (not included in the show, but similar in age and style to Buffet) is now the sounder of the two.

The great disappointments of this exhibition are Pignon, Tal Coat, Tailleux and, I'm sorry to add, Estève. In different ways the life has gone out of them all. Of this "middle" group in contemporary Parisian painting, only Borès still breathes naturally. His gentle distortions are genuine, not forced, as Pignon's now are. Borès's subject and his design have become merged in a single, identical statement. But Pignon, or, for that matter, Masson, both *impose* falsely strong (which comes in the sum total to mean *weak*) rhythms—on an olive tree, in Pignon's case (15 and 54); or a mountain, in Masson's (16). And, of all Europe's mountains, this one, you might agree, would have been better left alone: La Montagne Sainte-Victoire, Cézanne's mountain! Next, Tal Coat, who used to be strong and gay, possessed of a felicitously loose yet precise brush, though always a trifle sheer, abrupt in design—Tal Coat is just fading away; fading out of sight, literally. A few almost watercolour arcs of thin paint make the suggestion of some crumpled, colourless cellophane, held against the light.

But it is Tailleux who is now the academic member of this group. Just at present it is from the Braques of 1942 that he is taking his devices. It is not as though he added a great excitement of his own to the rectangles of dark blue window pane or the jug of sprouting brushes. There is a looseness and lack of tension. And this is shared by the others in this group which I have called the "middle" group—because the more expressionist Buffet, Venard, Civet or Clavé are on one side and the abstract painters like Manessier on the other. Possibly Calmettes would better represent this middle position than any here present except Borès.

Of these "expressionists," Venard and Civet now seem to me rather less interesting than they did a year ago. Venard's little pictures here of Braque boats on beaches, or his small still-lives, are little more than decorative, with their sealing-wax blobs of knifed impasto and their neat, chunky design. And Civet, who, like Venard, can be very impressive in a really large composition, here seems thin and watery. Clavé has a still life (50) and *Arlequin* (26), which have a sort of prussian blue vitality; though in design they, too, seem tailored according to the patterns now most accessible, so to speak.

Coming to the abstract painters, we find that, as a group, they are less well represented than the other two. Manessier, who is here, is possibly no more interesting than Bazaine, who is absent. Certainly Manessier's large picture at the end of the first room is a lovely thing: the balance of its small, many-toned, rectilinear patches and its fuzzy yet geometric lines are perfect; and rather better than the similar but less sensitive abstracts by Singier in the far room. Soulages and Hartung are not represented here, but the Dutch brothers, G. and B. Van Velde are: so is de Stael. If the first two weave a light, calligraphic brushwork (in hard flat colours) into the severe grids of their abstract structure, being unconcerned with atmospheric tone, the last three build more with differentiated tones; colour being for these of less importance than tone. There is a Degas-like dryness of touch in G. Van Velde's *Composition* (43). And in de Stael this quality of dryness is accentuated to such a pitch that his impasto becomes a gritty, grey cement, in which tone almost ousts colour entirely. For all these abstract painters Space itself is the subject. It must be presented without the intrusion of specific images of real objects, for that would dilute the essence of Space; would distract one, by associations, from the almost mystic contemplation of what is, after all, a prime element of the Universe.

PATRICK HERON

MARTELL
Cognac
THE BRANDY FOR EVERY HOME
THREE STAR CORDON BLEU

"The Green Bay Tree," at the Playhouse

This play, something of a *succès de scandale* in the mid-Thirties, revives uncommonly well. How pointed and witty the dialogue, especially the sub-Wilde lines given to the epicene Mr. Dulcimer. How well contrived the situations: what good craftsmanship! It keeps its tensions still, too. The boy lapped in the luxury so profusely spilled over him by his adoptive father, struggles for two acts to free himself from the silken net. But the alternative to luxury is too dour. A room in Camden Town instead of Mayfair: Welsh hymns on a harmonium instead of Fauré on a Steinway: and instead of the flattering attentions of a Man of Taste, the love of a female vet. The odds against virtue are too high. The cast of this revival looked powerful on paper—Mr. Hugh Williams, Mr. Jack Watling, Miss Brenda Bruce, Mr. Walter Fitzgerald and Henry Hewitt. And their acting has been so widely praised that perhaps it is fairest to attribute to "second-night sag," the lack of polish, finish, attack and fire, the general inability to get the piece really going that was evident at the second performance. Or was it perhaps timidity? A feeling that they were skating on the thinnest of surfaces and a fear that, if they played full out, nastier implications might bubble up from below it. This would account, too, for the feebleness of the décor? The constant references to the beauty of the room sounded laughable in the face of those curtains, that sofa, that wall-paper. "Choice is what distinguishes the artist from the herd," says Mr. Dulcimer. But if he had really chosen for his boy that terrible dressing gown—the symbol here of elegant decadence—the female vet. might have had an easier time.

T. C. W.

Lucian Freud, at the Hanover Gallery

Nothing could be more opposed in spirit to the School of Paris than the painting of Lucian Freud. Where the French tradition (which is the mainstream, still, of the European tradition) teaches a broad generalisation in the creation of volume or design, Freud particularises. Where French painting embodies the virtues of freedom in the actual handling of paint (freedom, that is, which itself springs from the utmost refinement of control) Freud needs a magnifying glass, one would say, to complete his incredibly tight and intricate surfaces, with their fantastically minute details of touch and design. His inspiration is therefore Northern—Breughel, Dürer, Cranach. The eccentricity of this approach was ever transformed, however, into something much more serious. And perhaps it is by virtue, mainly, of a most remarkable power of persistence that Freud won through in the past: a remarkable capacity for *sustaining* the craziest minutiae. For this very quality of consistency is at the root of all art. But now Freud is at a parting of the ways. The large, laboured *Sleeping Nude* (10), is a realistic essay which will not come to terms with his usual stylised patterning. The result is an altogether new uncertainty. Are the forms of body or head really understood? One is not sure. Terrific finish, no longer being idiosyncratic, cannot hide an uncertainty, not of drawing but of *volume*. And then there is a new element here: this work is atmospheric for the first time in Freud's

Bronnley

FOR THE
BEAUTY BATH

Naturally
BRONNLEY beauty bath
SOAP

and of course
BRONNLEY beauty bath
ESSENCE or CRYSTALS

and finally
BRONNLEY beauty bath
POWDER

M. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF MUSIC

(Director : WILLIAM GLOCK)

BRYANSTON

AUGUST 12—SEPTEMBER 2

Programme of Music and Lectures includes :

ENGLISH LUTE SONGS — PLAINSONG
MADRIGALS — SCARLATTI SONATAS
BACH'S BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS and "48"
HAYDN'S QUARTETS — MOZART'S QUINTETS
PIANO DUETS — SCHUBERT LIEDER
DEBUSSY — BARTOK — OPERA — CRITICISM

Artists include :

ELISABETH SCHUMANN — MONIQUE HAAS
DENIS MATTHEWS — GEORGES ENESCO
AMADEUS QUARTET
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY MADRIGAL SOCIETY
BOYD NEEL ORCHESTRA

From NINE GUINEAS per week

Send stamp for Prospectus to

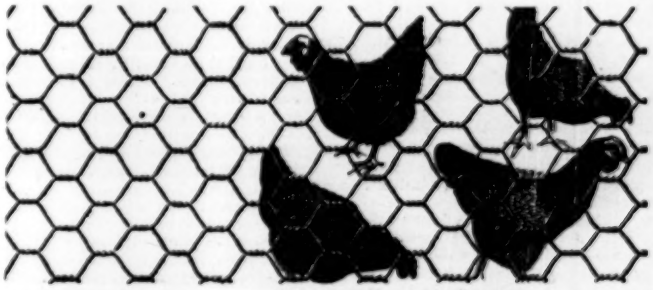
John Amis, Summer School of Music Ltd.
29, Holland Villas Road, London, W.14

Via the Mississippi

Along the waterway where once the showboat brought entertainment to Mississippi townships modern newsprint is now transported speedily and economically. It is a three thousand miles long story, beginning in the Canadian Province of Newfoundland and finishing at Nashville, Tennessee. It starts at Bowaters Corner Brook mills, where newsprint is loaded on to ships and transported up the St. Lawrence river, through the Great Lakes, to Chicago. Here the newsprint is discharged into great barge trains—one being 225 feet longer than the "Queen Mary". From here to Nashville, Tennessee the barges follow the traditional river highway to the deep south. Down the Illinois, the Mississippi, the Ohio and the Cumberland rivers newsprint journeys in the wake of the long-gone showboat—along fifteen hundred miles of water that by-passes railroads and high freight charges. An important advantage of this overland waterway transport is the lessened risk of damage to the newsprint rolls—another instance of the customer service which has become so closely associated with the Bowater Organisation.

Issued by
THE BOWATER PAPER CORPORATION LIMITED
London

GREAT BRITAIN CANADA AUSTRALIA SOUTH AFRICA U.S.A. NORWAY SWEDEN



when the wire netting

is made by BOULTON AND PAUL

IT'S A FIRST CLASS JOB

Loom weaving of wire into netting originated in Norwich, when in the "Hungry Forties" many *cloth* weavers were unemployed. Boulton and Paul set up their first three wire weaving looms in 1867. Now they make thousands of miles of netting a year and send it to all parts of the world.

BOULTON AND PAUL LTD · NORWICH · LONDON · BIRMINGHAM
STEEL CONSTRUCTION · WOODWORKING · WIRE NETTING · FENCING · REFRIGERATORS

career. The fireplace behind the couch is fuzzy with atmosphere. It is good that Freud is abandoning what he could do to perfection. But as yet he is barely master of the new realism he has invoked. P. H.

"Cry Liberty," at the Vaudeville

Alas, one more crime—the inartistic infliction of suffering on an innocent audience—has been committed in that name. Let it be admitted that the regulations of the Ministry of Agriculture and the provisions of the Town and Country Planning Act may give rise to exceptional hard cases. Let it be conceded, if you insist, that middle-class escapists on small holdings have a right, in the sacred name of liberty, to divert scarce labour and materials at their pleasure into the construction of a modest mushroom shed. Let it be freely granted that here is stuff, thin enough in its content, wherewith a Tory hack, on one of his off-days, might season a speech to open a N.F.U. bazaar. Given a witty pen, there might even be matter enough for a bare column in this journal. But in order to deliver its trivial message and unload a few threadbare rural jokes about the mating habits of heifers, *Cry Liberty* occupies over two hours of stage time in which all the familiar stock figures, from gallant retired colonel to curate-type civil servant, from romantic young things to still impressionable mother-in-law, gyrate with the warm humanity of cardboard. It would be unfair to name the players whose unavailing talents are associated with a propagandist charade whose vacuity transcends all wit. A. V.

Correspondence

SOUTH AFRICAN UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—You receive so many alarming reports of the racial policy of the Government of South Africa, that it might be of interest to receive an indication of the strength of liberal opinion in the two chief Universities of the country—the Universities of Capetown and the Witwatersrand—which are also the only two South African Universities which admit all students, regardless of colour.

Since 1933 there has been a split between the English and Afrikaans-medium Universities in the Union, and in February this year a conference of delegates from all South African Universities was called to attempt to formulate a basis for co-operation. The Universities of the Witwatersrand and Capetown took up an initial stand on principle, by refusing to send official delegates because no invitation had been extended to the non-European Universities of Fort Hare and Natal.

As ever, discussion between the delegates devolved upon the thorny question of the representation of the *non-European* student body at conferences between the University executives. In conformity with the "apartheid" policy of the Nationalist Government, some Afrikaans-medium Universities were not prepared to meet *mixed* delegations, of European and non-European students, from the Universities of Capetown and the Witwatersrand at University conferences; and a regrettable motion was passed which accepted the *status quo* at these "mixed" Universities as "temporary and regrettable," and "supported the principle of separate facilities for non-European students." Further, as the basis for future co-operation it was laid down that while non-European delegates should represent the non-European Universities, *only European* delegates should represent the mixed Universities.

The irrational and narrow policy thus revealed by some Universities at this conference seems as indicative of the extreme seriousness of the present-day racial situation in South Africa, as are the many dangerous repressive measures taken or planned by the Nationalist Government.

Yet, let not the more encouraging side be passed over. Here we have the two biggest and most important Universities in the country uncompromisingly liberal and resolutely determined on this colour question. It is natural that Capetown University in the Cape—last outpost of South African liberalism—should be liberal. But how much more hopeful a sign is it that the University of Witwatersrand which is in the Transvaal—the hotbed of Nationalism and "apartheid"—should be perhaps even more actively determined on this question than we at the Cape.

This does give at least one flicker of light in the gloom which surrounds the future of South African liberalism—even of South Africa itself.

Murray Road, Kenilworth, Capetown. J. CORBETT

THE PLAY OF IDEAS

SIR,—The controversy which you have unleashed was badly needed. However, most of your contributors have written as if the subject-matter of plays were what mattered above all, and as if there were a certain range of ingredients from which the best plays could be concocted. But surely one of the main reasons which preserves the theatre as the finest artistic medium for representing human action, above all rivals such as the cinema, the radio, or television, is the superiority of its *literary* standards and traditions.

Now it is true, whatever may be the reasons, that one can scarcely find in the English-speaking theatre to-day an "ideological" writer who is worth Mr. Rattigan's powder and shot; but perhaps the most obvious figure to set up against his point of view is that of M. Sartre. If we find a deeper satisfaction and significance in Sartre's plays than in Rattigan's, the reason is not simply that Sartre writes about such urgent topicalities as Hell, or the Colour Bar, or the Communist underworld. Would our preferences be reversed if Rattigan were to venture behind the Iron Curtain or Sartre into a junior masters' Common-room? The difference in our response really depends much less on the choice of subject than upon the writer's power of expression and the quality of his imagination. This is what goes wrong when Mr. Rattigan approaches an ambitious theme such as the conquests of Alexander: we see then that he lacks the historical vision, the dexterity in handling general ideas, and in this particular case just that Shavian intellectual mastery and agility which Mr. Rattigan finds so unnecessary to the dramatist's equipment.

It is likewise a pity that so little has been said in this controversy about dramatic style and language. When we talk about the stagnation of thought and theory over the last fifty years, what we should surely attack is the dramatist's enslavement to naturalistic detail and to the colloquial idiom. Ibsen and Pirandello circumvented this by a subtle juxtaposition of events in their plots so as to lend depth and undertones to the most banal of conversations. Mr. Eliot is working out a new form of dramatic speech based on conversational rhythms but capable of concentrating far greater emotional power. In any case the conclusion is that the naturalistic mode of playwriting has reached a point where it can scarcely remain an art of more than surface depth. If it is to penetrate the inner life of its characters, if it is fully to arouse its audience, it must do so either by heightened language or by some form of dramatic symbolism which will lift the veil that familiarity drapes over everyday life.

To sum up. If dramatists such as Mr. Rattigan are criticised, it is not for refusing to write plays about juvenile delinquency or the hydrogen bomb. The appeal to them to write seriously is an appeal to look beyond the immediate stage effect, to play their part in subduing the claims of the theatre to the claims of literature, to penetrate their themes, whatever these may be, so as to evoke something deeper than the surface response which will always get by upon the West-End stage. This is what the drama needs to keep it alive. IAN SCOTT-KILVERT

18 St. Leonards Terrace, S.W.3.

THE PIONEER SCHOOL

SIR,—Educational textbooks talk of three methods in education—Idealism, Pragmatism, and Naturalism. The writers and the State accept Idealism as the right method, and take the gardener as their example, how he prunes the trees to get the best fruit. The pioneer school chooses Naturalism on the grounds that no educational gardener knows what the best human fruit is, and that nature itself, if left free from patriarchal authority, will produce something much better than the Idealist method. Obviously the State cannot support the Naturalist school either morally or financially; moreover, it cannot "recognise" such a school. These "progressive schools" (a term to-day almost synonymous with co-ed schools) that believe in moulding or inspiring or guiding the young may survive with State grants or high fees, for they are of the Idealistic brand; but schools like Summerhill, now run at a loss, cannot have a very long run in these days of high prices and parental taxation. Only a few middle-class or lower middle-class parents want the Naturalistic way for their children, and few of these can pay. Trusting to subscriptions and gifts is futile and bad business: they may tide over a crisis but, to flourish, a school must have a permanent endowment or have fees that bring in a profit.

Apart from fees not covering expenses, the pioneer school cannot get the teachers required. An advertisement in your journal a few weeks ago brought a few replies, practically all from people without any experience of teaching. Since the war, teachers will not risk working for a fraction of the Burnham Scale in a school from which they cannot pay superannuation.

I am sure that the pioneer school is doomed. One can experiment inside the State system, but only in methods of teaching, not methods of living. I cannot see any State supporting a school that refuses to teach religion or that grants self-regulation in behaviour and work and love. Personally, I've had a long innings; but, when I have to retire to a very low-rented cottage, it will not be pleasant to know that the Idealists have complete control of youth, pruning, transplanting, manuring (with "artificial" not compost); for, you see, we've had many generations of Idealistic pruning, and a glance at the neurotic, sick world of to-day should really make the idealists wonder if their pruning is good. A. S. NEILL.

DEATH OF A SQUARE

SIR,—May I reply to the questions raised by your correspondent in your issue of April 8, concerning the developments proposed in Mecklenburgh Square by the Lord Mayor's National Thanksgiving Fund?

The practical purpose to which the proceeds of the Fund should be devoted was the subject of a full examination and various alternatives were considered. The conclusion arrived at was that the primary object should be the erection of a permanent and visible memorial of the nation's gratitude and that the most useful form which such a memorial could take would be a residential collegiate building, which would extend the facilities already available at London House to women and married students from the Commonwealth and the United States of America and to other men students from the United States. The needs of the universities in the United Kingdom for accommodation for their students were not overlooked, but a general distribution to universities would have involved a dissipation that would have defeated the primary object in view. The Fund is not related to any particular University, nor are the overseas students for whom it caters in all cases university students. It was inevitable that the memorial building contemplated should be in London, the heart of the Empire, where the problem of the overseas students is the most acute on account of the numbers concerned.

As to Mecklenburgh Square itself, the eastern side is, of course, to be preserved. The debate centres around the northern side of the Square. There the effect of enemy action is such that only eight out of the thirteen houses remain, and these are so shaken by bombing that it is improbable that they would stand up for more than another ten years unless they were totally rebuilt. The published perspective of the proposed development for this side of the Square is an artist's view of a possible solution, but no design has yet been approved or even prepared. Discussing Mecklenburgh Square and Brunswick Square *The Architect's Journal* commented recently (April 6): "Several jewels are missing from the complete Georgian crown, and when one of them has gone, half the magic charm of the whole goes too. . . . As part of the crown is damaged, need one bother about the rest?" This, an impartial, professional opinion is at least interesting.

Your correspondent also criticises the concentration of students in connection with the scheme. The founder of London House set out to provide in London a hall of residence where the young men from the

Commonwealth overseas could live (as in the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge) and where they could be helped to gain the utmost benefit from their stay in this country. After 20 years' experience, that venture has been in every way a success. It is not only a question of accommodation. The students residing there are given assistance and advice in all directions and are brought into touch with all aspects of our national life, public and private. They mix not only with other overseas students but also with students from this country, and they thus obtain opportunities and contacts which would be out of the question if they were scattered in lodgings over a wide area. A recent authoritative correspondent of *The Times* of American origin had nothing but approval for the creation of such a centre as is envisaged.

London House and the two additional proposed halls will be administered by one authority and the facilities of each will be available for the residents of the other buildings. There will be no watertight segregation of Americans in a single building.

It is true that the scheme involves the displacement of some tenants in the Square. The inconvenience which this will cause is much regretted by the owners, who have been at pains to ensure that removals are effected gradually and on terms which are as fair and generous as possible. Every effort is being made to provide alternative accommodation, where possible, adjacent to the Square.

I am glad to observe that your correspondent does not question the basic purpose of the Fund, which is to express our gratitude as a nation for the generosity of our kinsmen and friends in the Commonwealth and the U.S.A. for their gifts of food sent to the United Kingdom since 1940. I hope we shall not lose sight of that purpose. E. C. PEPPER,
The Lord Mayor's *Organising Secretary.*
National Thanksgiving Fund,
17 Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1.

"FEATHERBED"?

SIR,—"Countryman" seems to have remarkably little knowledge of what goes on around him. He mentions certain items on which he says we enjoy concealed subsidies. Like most people who have made up their minds he may find the actual facts of little interest, but there may be some "Townsman" who would like to know.

1. Free dog licences. Yes, for those who keep stock and are willing to go through the prescribed paraphernalia. Many of us prefer to pay the 7s. 6d.
2. Five shilling tax on tractors. These are our machine tools and the tax represents a penalty on capital goods. In a few weeks, farmers are being still further penalised by an Order which confines tractors to the farm under pain of a tax in excess of that on cars.
3. We are featherbedded by paying no rates on agricultural land and buildings but, in turn, pass the bedding over to the Church in the form of tithes.
4. No rates on farm houses. Rubbish. Rates *are* payable on farm houses and farm cottages.
5. Building grants. Yes, for cottages not tied to the farm, in which case they are useless to the farmer. As far as I am aware there are no other building grants of any sort.
6. Relief from building restrictions. My God, let "Countryman" have a go!
7. Preferential rates on the railways. Far less than are available to the coal and steel industries—and, of course, for the benefit of British Railways, not the farmers.

The cosy little world of half truth and hearsay in which "Countryman" appears to live is not, perhaps, the best setting for making categorical assertions.
Orchard Farm. LAWRENCE MURFITT
Lissington, Lincoln.

THE WITHERED BRANCH

SIR,—In the prolonged and truly accomplished sneer which passed in your columns for a review of my book, there is a misquotation to which I beg leave to draw your readers' attention, for it seems to me significant. "Mr. Savage . . . refers, in the acknowledgment that prefaces the book, to 'a critical temper'—his own—'which, in the present condition of the world of letters, could not expect wide agreement or acceptance.'" What I wrote was not *condition* but *constitution*. There is all the difference in the world between the one, which may be purely fortuitous, and the other, which is the result of purposeful and co-ordinated effort on the part of some body of people, and everybody who is familiar with present-day English literary politics—certainly the well-trained reviewer concerned—will very well know what is meant by my specific use of the word *constitution*. It means, among a very great many related things which I need not go into here, the literary pages of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, the spiritual home of the Woolfs and Forsters so summarily handled in my book; and to be dealt with in a manner which genuinely confronted the issues raised and the conclusions reached in my book was obviously the last thing I could hope to expect from your influential journal.

Your reviewer's misquotation presents itself to me as an excellent, and I think legitimate, opportunity of indicating to the more trustful of the readers of your literary pages just what the issues are which determined his predictable response to *The Withered Branch*. I leave it to him to explain whether he misquoted me deliberately or whether he was subject to one of those unconscious, but revealing, slips of the mind.

Although I am a little surprised to find myself relegated to a "tin tabernacle" (where, apparently, I am engaged incongruously in "correcting exercises"), I must protest that the reviewer does me too much honour, and himself, surely, too little, in posing to me the memorable question, What is Truth? Or rather, since the word is too much for him, What is this Terewth? He must find the answer, if he really wants it, himself. D. S. SAVAGE
2 Tregoney Court,
Mevagissey, Cornwall.

[Mr. Allen writes: I apologise for my error in transcribing "constitution" as "condition"; though I am bound to say that I see nothing particularly sinister in this. The phrase "the present constitution of the world of letters" could be interpreted legitimately in several ways. I took it to mean the body of fundamental principles and assumptions which most contemporary writers accept. It appears that Mr. Savage meant something quite different, something which seems to me nonsense, as I think Mr. Savage's own career as a writer shows. His books are published, and so are the articles on which they are based. He has reviewed fiction regularly for a sixpenny weekly, and recently he has been given an Atlantic Award for literature—and at least one of the members of the Committee that grants the awards is very closely associated with this journal. Mr. Savage is suffering from delusions. He is surprised to find himself relegated to a tin tabernacle. I spent my childhood in the chapels of extreme dissent; after having listened Sunday after Sunday to pinchbeck Savonarolas whose assurance of private revelation was only equalled by their perfect willingness to damn all who disagreed with them, I am not now likely to be impressed by spiritual arrogance, even when disguised as literary criticism.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

CAPTAIN COOK

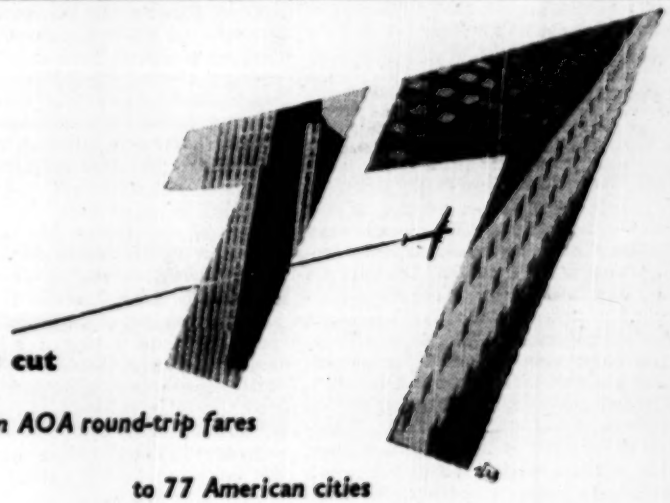
SIR,—Mr. V. S. Pritchett in his review of the book *The Voyages of Captain Cook*, suggests that Cook was killed by the Maoris, i.e., the native people of New Zealand.

This was not so. Cook met his death at the hands of the natives of Hawaii Island, in the Sandwich Group.

The term "Maori" is seldom applied to Polynesian peoples, other than those who migrated to New Zealand about the year 1300, who, after establishing themselves, have remained a vigorous and picturesque people until this day. A. T. CAMPBELL,
New Zealand *Public Relations Officer.*
Government Offices.

ATOM OBJECTORS

SIR,—In the event of another European war a new group will be found on the British home front, the civilian conscientious objectors. Under existing Ministry rulings, an out-of-work skilled mechanic, refusing on any grounds to be "directed" by his Employment Exchange to, say, atom-bomb manufacture, runs a risk of being deprived of his weekly unemployment benefit, without alternative employment being offered. Is it too soon to press for a more sympathetic Ministerial point of view?
28 Golders Way, LEIGH MERCER
N.W.11.



new cut

in AOA round-trip fares

to 77 American cities

Big new reductions are now in effect on AOA round-trip fares to America . . . from 10% to 22½% according to the date you leave. You travel by AOA Stratocruisers, world's largest, fastest, most luxurious airliners. To help you with business arrangements there are 77 AOA offices throughout USA, Canada and Mexico.

See your local travel agent or ***American Overseas Airlines,*** 33 St James's Street, London SW1 Telephone: GROsvenor 3955

American Overseas Airlines • American Airlines

AOA specialists in air travel to the **USA**

2/66

Books in General

To go back to D. H. Lawrence after 20 years is a painful, moving, unwelcome experience. It is like a return to some torturing crisis of faith which the passage of time has made superfluous or grotesque, or to some unjust family quarrel in which the issues have now dimmed; it is a return to the unhappy side of youth. And then between him and ourselves there is that collection of books written by women after Lawrence's death—such an unctuous caterwauling! About those books one can only say, Let bywords be bywords.

The merit of Mr. Aldington's justly, but unhappily, titled biography* is that it at least gives Lawrence's life a perspective. It is sympathetic. It does not harp on personal grudges which most of Lawrence's friends had reason to feel. It has no theory of Lawrence, it is aware of the exasperating contradictions in his life and work without loss of temper or too much acidity, and if it exposes some of Lawrence's vices of character it does not disparage. I found nothing new in this book—one can hardly get that from a writer who has the biographical disadvantage of being a friend—but the known material is sensibly set out. If we look for the character, as distinct from the genius of Lawrence, it is easily summed up after reading Mr. Aldington: that character was half charm, cleverness and oxygen and half Lawrence's own judgment on his own father. The Lawrences were a quarrelling family, tight, tense, convinced of their superiority, addicted to a religion that could only encourage self-conceit: Nonconformists usually fail to conform with each other. The father

> was usually rather rude to his little immediate bosses at the pit. He practically never had a good stall, all the time he was a butty, because he was always saying tiresome and foolish things about the men just above him in control at the mine. He offended them all, almost on purpose, so how could he expect them to favour him? Yet he grumbled when they didn't.

In Lawrence's letters—a selection is now issued, together with some of the essays, verses and a few of the novels in an enterprising Penguin edition, so that a complete Lawrence can be had very cheaply—there is one to a psychologist which confesses to Lawrence's total lack of the "societal instinct." This, he now admits, is "far deeper than the sexual"; it was this societal instinct which he outraged in others. His notions about sex were, perhaps, mystical because he wished sex to be sterile. Class-hatred and snobbery were, clearly, very strong in him. It is sometimes said that there is a fundamentally anti-social and refractory streak in miners, and a good deal of the conceit that goes with it; and in Lawrence one certainly gets the vainglory of the talented working man who has been uprooted, the "leader" streak, and the egotism left raw by an uncompleted education. Lawrence's case suggests that the aesthetic genius of the working class, when it is occasionally released, may be anti-political, religious, ardently concerned with an inner life and even esoteric.

* *Portrait of a Genius But . . .* By Richard Aldington. *Heinemann*, 15s.

But Lawrence really prowls all over his time, from the '80s to the '30s, growling at everything. He is certainly unlike the politically minded working man, a type whose "commonness" and "conceit" he detested. He is a very literary figure, the last of the Victorian geniuses (who had so much actor in them), the last of the megalomaniacs of the 19th century. Mr. Aldington points, as others have done, to his debt to Carlyle and Ruskin: Carlyle whose God was himself and Ruskin who, like God, recklessly contradicted himself. Lawrence is a Carlyle whose luggage has burst, a Ruskin without the chaste first-class ticket; all three are consumed by the deified sexual misery of the Victorian outlook. One can see Browning, George Eliot and Meredith in him, too; especially the latter. Lawrence's famous rejection of the traditional view of character in the English novel—see the letter to Edward Garrett—is taken directly from Meredith who saw people outsize, as romantically conceived biological essences. Lawrence had a gift for impatient assimilation. He was, for example, tempted to follow Arnold Bennett's realism in *The Lost Girl*; and although this is a limp novel, it is free of those indigestible and didactic lumps which went into his books about the touring intelligentsia.

But the main Victorian trait in Lawrence is that he was one of the Liberators. He was one of those intolerable, arguing, energetic Puritans who set people free by the dramatic example of self-projection. The trait has always led to garrulity. Lawrence's doctrine "art for my sake" is a very garrulous doctrine, the aesthetic of a preacher; and novels like *Aaron's Rod*, *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love*, and *Kangaroo* are very wordy. The repeated phrases have the hypnotic charm of incantation; but the repeated thought makes an impression of paralysed rage. Lawrence's books are static; they do not move. They stamp. Yet *Sons and Lovers* does not bore; nor do *St. Mawr* and most of the short stories and the travel books. *Sea and Sardinia* is one of the classics of English travel, instantaneously and passionately set down. Like Wells, Lawrence believed in the transience of art and in the spontaneous account. There was in him a good deal of the journalist who trots round the world writing a non-stop autobiography, putting down to-day's hotel and to-day's quarrel on to to-morrow's page. Lawrence's sensibility to impression was electric and his angers, subtle or uncouth, as they might be—his hatred of the French or the Venetians at first sight; his conviction that the upper classes were sexually impotent or incompetent—bring, together with their absurdities, at any rate the shock of colliding with a cunning, many-sided and living man. It was all unscrupulous—even on principle! A novel like *Kangaroo* is simply a brilliantly handled piece of fortune telling. A few glances in the crystal and Australia is mixed with the latest in the Frieda situation, a report on events in Cornwall and an imaginative transposition of the Italian Fascist-Communist quarrel, to the Australian scene. The narrative bites, journalistically, at once, like a travel diary, simply because it is day to day.

Ephemeral material. It has already gone stale, except where it is pure travel. We remember the Australian workmen littering the park as if the city belonged to them, when that terrible leader—a foretaste of George Orwell's Big Brother, "the lamb of God turned into a sheep," the flaccid, humane politician who believed in universal love—is forgotten. But why does the travel survive? The new country is like a new woman to this egotistical lover; for a few moments his heightened imagination feels the direct assault of it. He is the eager little boss, the possessor and fascinator. There is a blandishing, bewildering, preremptory personal affection which is half childish. He domesticates the scene by his images. Here, from *Kangaroo*, is a passage describing a steamer in a rough sea:

> The steamer wanted to land. She saw the line of little trucks full and ready. She bellowed like a miserable cow, sloping up and down and turning round on the waters of the bay. Near the jetty the foam broke high on some sheltering rocks. The steamer seemed to watch yearningly like a dog outside a shut door. A little figure walked along the jetty, slowly, unconcernedly. The steamer bellowed again. The figure reached the end of the jetty and hung out a red flag. Then the steamer shouted no more, but slowly, fearfully, turned and slunk up and down the waves back towards Sydney.

Lawrence's style, for all its reiterations, is a dominant achievement. Many writers have tried to write in their own voice and few discover what that voice is. Lawrence's style is the earliest example of the half colloquial, immediate speaking manner in the English of the last 50 years, and he has more boldness in this than in his mysticism. (For we may doubt, with Mr. Aldington, whether Lawrence came anywhere near to knowing the "otherness" of people, "the dark self"; what he did, with his genius for charade, was to project himself, whereas intuition is surely the result of an abeyance of the self.) In mastering his own voice, Lawrence lost his ear for the voices of other people, or rather, after *Sons and Lovers* the power to select vanished for chapters at a time. He became—he was by nature—indiscriminate; the dialogue goes slack; there is too much washing on the line. But once in his own voice, which was an arguing voice, and not far removed from the roundabout, half gay, half sulking voices of working-class men, Lawrence gets a grip on his scene or his people. Poor in straightforward narrative, slow when he ought to be fast and abrupt when he should be slow, poor also in invention, he succeeds by arguing his way round these difficulties. His stories grow, not of themselves, but by his remarkable, plausible insistence. In a page or two he has polished off the small town in *The Lost Girl* and has soon bounced the chief families. The setting of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is brilliantly put down as one might talk about it; and in the background of that book, nature, smoke, industrialism, the inner and outer drama of the characters' lives, before the limelight falls on them, are unforgettably and warmly done. Half the snarling in Lawrence is envy of affection. He can argue, twist and turn, through thirty years of Alvinia's life in *The Lost Girl* and we know her because we know the material she is made of. Lawrence's aim—

to describe the carbon rather than the diamond —meant that he got a life, if not a character, at once upon the page. If he himself felt separate, or even said of some of his characters—the Mexicans, for example—that they were separate, he brought back to English character in the novel, the sense of a common ground. His people are markedly "societal." The portraits of Mrs. Witt, her daughter and son-in-law in *St. Mawr* have not been surpassed even by Henry James in his studies of the international situation? And to the satire Lawrence has added the vital sense that life is not a still picture, but itself a passion that burns, gets weary, gets lost, burns again and changes. There is more to Mrs. Witt (as she herself felt) than Mrs. Witt. She is committed to something.

It is a paradox that a man so determined to preserve his separateness and who by this made all rational argument with him impossible, should have wished to act upon the world. The almost complete lack of tragic feeling in the stories is matched by his tragic view of modern society. Or should one say, that it was really destructive? That, destructive in his private relationships, he actually wished for the day of doom? Was he a kind of Jehovah's Witness? He was certainly the kind of man on whom Fascism built, but his religious cast of mind and his vanity—*he* was to be the leader —could have stopped that drift. We must try and imagine the tedious gentility, the dullness of life in the mining village of Eastwood in the '80s and '90s, a time when every pleasurable instinct of the industrious and gifted poor was frosted by the sharp exigences, for them, of rising in the world. Lawrence's rebellion was against the price of that too modest success. It is still a shock to sensitive working men of strong feeling, that entry into a higher class means a sacrifice of the spirit of rebellion to the spirit of carefulness; and in Lawrence's youth carefulness was a life-eating shadow. He stepped out of it. And in the traditional fashion of the nagging English Protestant started a fantastic sect for the renewal of the inner life. It is the fact of his rebellion that has value and importance. We cannot have *half* a new inner life.

V. S. PRITCHETT

PICKING PEARS

Nor heaven, nor earth, a state between
  Whose walls of leaves
  Weave in a chequer of dark and bright
The falling sky; whose roofs of green
  Are held by ropes and chains and beams of light.

Regenerate summer hangs in the trees:
  Hours of sunshine
  Charged the cells, and spread the loot
So thick about us that we seize
  Even the leaves dissembling globes of fruit.

Strange that we only in harvest season
  Borrow from birds
  These parks of air, these visions over the fence;
Not the flat view of soaring reason
  But a sharper angle, the height of exalted sense.

We enter only to despoil:
  Solaced and proud
  Though barren twigs are left behind,
Through a weft of leaves we sink to the soil,
  But summer's nimbus shrivels on the rind.

ANNE RIDLER

THE GERMAN PROBLEM

Germany: What Now? By BASIL DAVIDSON. *Muller.* 12s. 6d.

If we could solve the German problem, we should have no worries in Europe. This was obvious before the war; obvious during the war; equally obvious now. Thoughts and policies go round and round; we get no nearer a solution. Or does anyone really think that the Germans are any more willing to fit in with the rest of Europe than they were in 1933 or 1940? Mr. Basil Davidson's book shows clearly enough that we are as far from a solution as ever. In western Germany economic power has returned to the former representatives of big business; and the political ambitions of the Nazis are repeated in slightly different form. As an indictment of the present barrenness, Mr. Davidson's book is admirable. It is also however a work of historical analysis, which seeks to answer two questions. Why did the Germans become a menace to Europe? And why did the allies drift apart after 1945? It's true enough that if we could answer these two questions we should be nearer an answer to the fundamental problem which underlies the whole book—what policy ought we to follow in Germany?

First, as to the Germans. Mr. Davidson finds the explanation of German aggressiveness in the combination of Junker officers and monopoly capitalists. Therefore distribute the Junker estates among the peasants and nationalise the big undertakings; and even if you have not destroyed German aggressiveness, you will have greatly lessened this force. Mr. Davidson supports this thesis with the aid of a book of mine, to which he refers in most generous terms; and I therefore am somewhat embarrassed in criticising it. He seems to me to confuse cause and effect; or rather to make the mistake of putting things into these categories, whereas in history everything is both cause and effect. You could, I think, make out just as well that the German worship of military strength and the zest for great industrial organisation was an expression of the German Will to Power, as the other way round. Could anything be more ruthless, more militaristic, more destructive of civilised values, than the policy and outlook of Communism, which is essentially German in origin and spirit? Big business and the German officer-class (so-called) played around with Hitler; but Hitler did not represent these classes—he represented Germans, the German masses most of all. I cannot find the evidence that German smallholders are less aggressive, more ready to accept a modest place in Europe, than Junker landowners; in fact the reverse. I cannot find the evidence that German managers of public services are less nationalist than the industrialist families of the Ruhr; in fact their craze for enormous undertakings is even greater.

However, let us pass to Mr. Davidson's answer to the second question. Assuming that the land ought to be distributed among the peasants and heavy industry nationalised, the Potsdam programme provided the solution. If this had been applied, there would now be no German problem. Why did it break down? Mr. Davidson has no doubt as to the answer: "the abiding fear of social change" on the part of the British and American Governments. "The post-Roosevelt Americans were driven to find means of protecting the Western zones from the solvent of social change . . . this pattern remained the guiding force in German affairs." This interpretation is emphasised to the exclusion of all else. The Russians were willing to co-operate in running a united Germany on the basis of the Potsdam proposals; this was deliberately defeated by the Americans in order to prevent social change, and the rest of us had to tail in the American wake. In judging these contemporary questions, one can only set one personal feeling against another; and I have the feeling that great trends of world history don't happen in this simple way. The argument seems to me as superficial as Mr. Davidson's explanation of the origins of the war: "Collective security failed, largely because the British and French Governments—the United States having withdrawn into isolation—would not ally themselves with the Soviet Union, but preferred to face Hitler and Mussolini alone and with fair words." If he had said, "were unable to ally themselves with the Soviet Union," he would have been nearer the historic process. Similarly, it seems to me, the collapse of allied co-operation in Germany after 1945 was not due to the wickedness of a single Great Power; it sprang from profound historic causes which made co-operation an impossibility.

Plenty of people have pointed the contrast between allied co-operation in war, and their disputes afterwards; exactly the same thing has happened in the internal politics of every belligerent country. Tories and Socialists could co-operate against Germany; they cannot co-operate against malnutrition or bad housing. Yet would Mr. Davidson put all the blame for this on the Tories? I would not, much as I dislike them. And similarly I would hesitate to blame the Americans for the failure to agree on a joint conduct of German affairs in the last five years. It is true that we and the French have followed the American line. This does not prove that the Americans are right and the Russians wrong; it only proves that we are dependent on American charity and have to do what they pay for. The crime of the Russians is to be a Great Power, independent of America, the only one in the world to-day. But equally, the Americans are a Great Power independent of Russia; that is the crime which they committed in Germany. I could write a book as forceful as Mr. Davidson's (plenty of such books have been written), proving that the present mess in Germany is all the fault of the Russians; and it would be equally true. For instance, though Mr. Davidson waves the argument aside, it seems reasonable for the Americans to object to the Russians taking reparations from current production while they were subsidising Germany at the other end. In short, the conflict of Germany is a symptom, not the cause, of conflict between the Great Powers. Certainly a conscientious observer ought to warn the British public that an aggressive militaristic Germany is rising again in the west; equally, he ought to show the evidence that in eastern Germany the Communists are pinning everything on the nationalist appeal. But, as usual, after studying the evidence, he will find the solution that he took to Germany ready-made.

The official exponents of British and American policy think that the solution is in resisting Russian power; Mr. Davidson thinks that the Russians will co-operate with us, if only we will co-operate with them. I don't share his belief in Russian good faith, just as I don't share the Foreign Office belief in American good faith; though I am inclined to think that there are more good intentions mixed with stupidity in American than in Russian policy. But both Russia and America are instruments for power; and it is their nature to pursue more power. American policy is tinged with idealism, Russian is not; this probably does not make much difference. As far as Germany is concerned, I don't believe in the slightest in the value of a revolution imposed from without, whether by ourselves or the Russians. I'd prefer to keep the Germans disarmed and leave them to their own devices until they explode; perhaps even this is too much to ask of the Great Powers. But to suppose that we and the Americans can carry through social revolution in western Germany is as impossible as to ask that the Russians should apply democracy in eastern Germany. Mr. Davidson shirks this point. He describes a "people's democracy" as one "in which the working class, organised and led by Communists, wielded the real power and took the important decisions." What real power has the working class in

J B
SANDBACH
K. C.

THIS OLD WIG

A Surprise:

Mr. J. B. Sandbach's book *has* been a surprise. It is unusual for a volume of memoirs to enjoy such critical acclaim and such popular demand. The *third impression* is already selling rapidly.

The Times writes:

"while his attitude to life is serious, he has a mellow, human sense of fun. *This Old Wig* teaches some useful lessons. It is very readable; at the same time it is full of wisdom."

Joseph Taggart (Star) writes:

"Mr. J. B. Sandbach's reminiscences in *This Old Wig* give a lively and human picture of a Metropolitan Magistrate's working life."

First and second impressions already sold. Third large impression now in the shops

at all booksellers

13 Illustrations 10/6

HUTCHINSON
LARGEST OF BOOK PUBLISHERS

Czechoslovakia, Hungary, or Rumania? And the same is true in eastern Germany. It is, however, a mistake to be too gloomy. Germany has been least dangerous to Europe, and often at her most civilised, when divided; and so long as the Great Powers keep out of step, Germany will remain partitioned. In an imperfect world, this, though not a "solution," may keep the Germans off our backs for a generation; and, having experienced two German wars in my life-time, I should be grateful even for this small mercy. It is for the Germans to "solve" the internal German problem, not that they ever will. It is for the two Great Powers to solve the problem of living together in an uneasy peace. English people might help towards the second; the first is beyond them and everyone else.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

WAR AND ART

Florentine Art under Fire. By FREDERICK HARTT. *Princeton University Press. Geoffrey Cumberlege.* 36*s.*

In modern warfare the distinguished past, to all appearances so solid, can be obliterated by a word from a general, by pressure on a hidden handle. Whole towns south of Rome were wrecked. But it is a miracle that the "red-hot rake of the battle-line being drawn from sea to sea right up the whole length of the peninsula," as Mr. Churchill once described the war in Italy, did not leave even deeper gashes in the landscape behind it. Rome, Orvieto, Perugia, Assisi, Montepulciano and Siena survived almost unscathed; other towns, thanks to the energy of Italian engineers, have since recovered. To-day we may motor for miles across Italy without noticing anything peculiar. In Tuscany where Mr. Hartt was operating, it seemed at first as though Western civilisation at its tenderest spot was being peeled off the face of the earth. But with the passage of years and the rubble cleared, nothing of supreme importance in this province was found to be irreparably damaged except the paintings in the Campo Santo at Pisa; no priceless treasure had disappeared except the little Hercules panels of Pollaiuolo, and for all we know these may one day mysteriously turn up. The destruction of the Ponte Santa Trinità, that last petulant act of vandalism, that despairing gesture of a defeated enemy who, abandoning hope, is determined to involve others in his own ruin, proved less disastrous than the Florentines at first supposed: the statues have been dredged from the bed of the Arno and the bridge can be rebuilt almost exactly as before. Even the heart of the old city, partially rebuilt, can be made to beat once more.

Some misleading information about the extent of damage to Tuscan monuments has been published by journalists anxious to be the first with the sensational news. This book, written from first-hand experience by a specialist in Italian art, corrects and amplifies what has already been told. Mr. Hartt was regional Monuments, Fine Arts and Archives officer in Tuscany during those months of 1944 when the fate of Florence and of surrounding towns and villages was undecided, and later when the Germans retreated northwards to the Gothic Line. The facts and figures given in his appendix may be trusted. But his narrative is even more precious as a recreation of the atmosphere of that summer and early autumn when agonising rumours tore across the countryside, when he drove his jeep from village to village just behind the lines in the thunder of the guns, giving orders for tarpaulins to be thrown over the shells of buildings to protect them from further damage from wind and rain, for statues in churches to be moved out of the way of falling masonry. He could not be expected to do more than administer first aid. Every monument became an Advance Dressing Station where the doctor on his hurried rounds patched up the wounded with pathetically inadequate medical supplies. He would plead with a bored Brigadier to save a villa from occupation by troops; he would work with a shovel all day in the dust if he believed some fragments of a moulding lay buried. This was not quite courage since the thought of personal danger, sometimes considerable, never seems to have entered his head, so urgent was the matter in hand. He simply forgot himself in the work of art and seemed to live in a state of perpetual apprehension and misery, though there were compensating flashes of exhilaration, as in the following surrealist episode:

> In the sudden sunlight which streamed through the outer doors as Calvelli flung them open the colossal statues by Donatello and Michelangelo were revealed, still in their protecting crates. Unable to suppress an exclamation of shock and wonder, I climbed over the crates, identifying with great emotion one after another until I found myself gazing through the bars of a crate into the agonized face of Michelangelo's *Dawn*, every tragic lineament disclosed by the light from the door.

He describes his experiences in an appropriate, police-court style. It is only a pity that he found it necessary to turn passages about the Italian landscape purple, since he is not a man of letters but an art historian, and when the drama of the scene before his eyes—the cone of Monte Amiata in the distance at sunset, a sky lit by a burning village—cried out for words, his pen grew heavy, and the frayed cliché had to stand for the freshness he felt.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

ESPIONAGE

Secret Service Unmasked. By TRISTAN BUSCH. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

Strategic Intelligence. By SHERMAN KENT. *Princeton University Press. London: Geoffrey Cumberlege.* 24*s.*

How do you like 'em? Penny plain or tuppence coloured? If you insist on believing that Military Intelligence is made up of secret agents, invisible inks and beautiful blonde spies, then Mr. Busch is your man. "On my thirteenth birthday," he writes, "I got the book I was longing for: *Textbook of Cryptography*, by E. Fleissner von Wostrowitz, Vienna, 1881 . . . The book revealed to me a whole *terra incognita* of possibilities. It became my Baedeker." In *Secret Service Unmasked*, Mr. Busch displays an enthusiastic familiarity with pre-machine-age ciphers; and he became a professional in the game to the extent that he served before and during the First World War as a junior officer in a branch of the Austrian Intelligence staff. He was evidently anxious to put his talents (which he is not inclined to under-rate) at the service of British Intelligence in World War II; and half of his book is devoted to an indignant account of the rejection of his offer—secret inks, ciphers and all—followed by unmerited indignities at the hands of the Postal Censorship and M.I.5. The "unmasking," in fact, consists partly of the charge that Security organisations in general, and British models in particular, are ineffective, crassly stupid and irresponsibly vindictive, while "positive" Intelligence—the acquisition of information about actual or potential foreign enemies—is a villainous business whose exponents are usually double-crossing traitors, all with a vested interest in promoting war.

The history of Secret Intelligence, so far as it has ever emerged for public scrutiny, is not pretty; and Mr. Busch makes the most of the famous case of the homosexual Austrian Colonel Redl, blackmailed into sensational acts of treason-able espionage and detected in 1913. But though he has clearly studied with care the memoirs of Captain von Rintelen, and briefed himself adequately on such known cases as that of Tyler Kent and Anna Volkova, his slap-dash attack reveals very little about secret service organisation, or misdeeds, and a great deal about his own egotistic personality. Mr. Busch, in short, is an incurable *Besserwisser*; and, whatever may be thought of the talents which he claims to have

THE FIRST VOLUME OF AN IMPORTANT SERIES

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HISTORIES

BRITISH POLITICS SINCE 1900

D. C. SOMERVELL

15s. net

This witty, shrewd and accurate survey of the changes and developments in Politics in Britain since the beginning of the century is enriched with pungent portraits of every notable politician who has helped to shape the destinies of this country. Salisbury, Gladstone, the Chamberlains, Balfour, Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith, Lloyd George, Baldwin, MacDonald, Snowden, Bonar Law, Churchill, Attlee and many others are given their place and standing in the correct historical perspective by an author supremely equipped to assess the quality of their services to the nation.

Scores of changes and innovations in the political and domestic life of the British people have occurred during these momentous years, and it is of these that Mr. Somervell writes with an impartiality to be expected of so established an historian who, moreover, confesses to having voted at various times for all the principal political parties.

ANDREW DAKERS LIMITED

3rd large impression

The Lost Traveller

ANTONIA WHITE

"The Lost Traveller establishes her as one of the very best novelists of the day . . the plot is admirable, compact and symmetrical. The writing is graceful. The three protagonists are portrayed with exquisite sympathy . . complete and very beautiful."

10/6 net — Evelyn Waugh (Tablet)

READY TODAY

Prepare them for Caesar

MARY LOUISE MABIE

"The sound scholarship, which is the central core of this book, is impressive."

384 pp. 12/6 net — New York Times

3RD IMPRESSION

A House in Bryanston Square

ALGERNON CECIL

"One of the most important books I have had in a year's reviewing . . Truly educative, and you should read it even if you disagree with it."

16/- net — John Betjeman (D. Herald)

Eyre & Spottiswoode

★ ★ ★ *NEW* ★ ★ ★

A HOG ON ICE

and other Curious Expressions

Charles Earle Funk, LITT.D.

The author, a celebrated American lexicographer, traces the origins of the illustrative phrases in everyday use, and describes their often fascinating histories. Important for reference, delightful to read.

Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

★ *RECENT SUCCESSES* ★

2nd Printing in hand

BYRON: *A Self-Portrait*

Edited by Peter Quennell

"Sumptuously produced. Some of the most fascinating reading I have enjoyed for a long time." —*Eric Gillett in The Sunday Chronicle.*

2 volumes. 42s. net the set.

3rd Printing

DRAYNEFLETE REVEALED

Osbert Lancaster

"Mr. Lancaster has never done anything better."—*The Spectator.* *Illustrated.* 8s. 6d. net.

2nd Printing

TRAVELLING TONGUES

Debating Across America

Kenneth Harris

"One of the most vividly informative pictures of America that I have yet encountered . . unusual literary merit."—*Harold Nicolson in The Observer*

8s. 6d. net.

JOHN MURRAY

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

FABER BOOKS

Encyclopaedia of World Politics

WALTER THEIMER

This encyclopaedia, the first of its kind, gives in a single clearly arranged volume all the information that is essential to politicians, journalists, teachers and students—and all good citizens. *With maps.* 30/-

In Face of Fear FREDA TROUP

MICHAEL SCOTT'S courage at U.N.O. meetings have made him a symbol of hope for coloured peoples throughout the world. This study of his work and life is very timely now that racial feeling in South Africa is so bitter. *Illustrated.* 12/6

The Making of Pakistan

RICHARD SYMONDS

'The first really full account of Pakistan, its government and people, that I have come across . . . should be useful to anyone who wants to understand the world's affairs.'—*Bulletin & Scots Pictorial. With maps.* 12/6

The Sequence of Medieval Art

WALTER OAKESHOTT

The author of *The Artists of the Winchester Bible* has written this superbly illustrated volume for all who appreciate the richness of our artistic tradition. *Illustrated.* 35/-

Colour and Form ADRIAN STOKES

A new and up-to-date edition of 'one of the most fascinating books of constructive art criticism it has ever been my good luck to come across.'—*Time & Tide.* 10/6

Animal Facts and Fallacies

OSMOND P. BRELAND

A most readable and authoritative work of reference. 'This professor of Zoology has produced a most entertaining volume, his array of facts being illumined by a keen wit.'—*Sphere. Profusely illustrated.* 10/6

Prophesy to the Wind

NORMAN NICHOLSON

The author of *The Old Man of the Mountains* sets his brilliant new verse-play in Cumberland of the future, when society has reverted to the life of our Viking forefathers. 8/6

Facing South WINIFRED PECK

Lady Peck's new novel about a disillusioned generation is as enjoyable as *A Clear Dawn.* 9/6

Two by Day and One by Night

VICARS BELL

A new murder-mystery following *Death under the Stars.* By the author of *Little Gaddesden* and *The Dodo.* 9/6

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

DENT

The Anglo-German problem from the Inside

Thy People, My People
ELISABETH HOEMBERG
This book by the Canadian-born wife of a German historian, drawn from her and her husband's 1940–6 journals and letters, is a narrative of deep personal and political significance.
12s. 6d. net

Halifax: Warden of the North
THOMAS H. RADDALL
A lively history of the city of Halifax, Nova Scotia, by Canada's outstanding historical novelist. Illustrated from prints, etc., and with 7 drawings. 21s. net

Everyman's Library
New Issues. 4s. 6d. *net per vol.*
INTERNATIONAL MODERN PLAYS
Representative works of Strindberg, Hauptmann, Capek, Cocteau, Chiarelli in one vol. (No. 989.)
WHITE'S SELBORNE
New edition, with Introduction, Index, and Notes, by R. M. Lockley. (No. 48.)
Send for Selected List of 500 vols. available

FICTION

Martin Makesure
FRANK KENDON
New novel by the author of *The Small Years*, in which the hero and his wife make separate journeys of self-discovery, a theme treated with wit, charm, and yet intensity of feeling.
10s. 6d. net

The Magnificent MacDarney
JOHN D. SHERIDAN
The author of *Paradise Alley* sets this new novel once again in Dublin, with a central character of universal appeal. 9s. 6d. net

J. M. DENT AND SONS LTD., BEDFORD ST., W.C.2

CASSELL

JUST PUBLISHED

AN ENTIRELY NEW WORK OF REFERENCE

ANNALS OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION 1501-1900

Compiled by
Dr. ALFRED MAYER

'So much more detailed and comprehensive than anything which has hitherto appeared.'
—*Dr. G. P. GOOCH in his foreword.*

This book is in two sections, the first half tracing, by means of tables for each year from 1501, and for each country, the progress of European culture as seen through the achievements in art, literature, drama, music, architecture, science, etc. The second half of the book consists of summaries and analytical indexes which provide a ready reference to material collected in the tables.

464 pages. Demy 8vo. 25/- *net.*

displayed in Austrian Intelligence and in outwitting the Gestapo before his flight to England, his behaviour in this country during the war was idiotic. The British Postal Censorship may have been—and, from its inevitable size, was almost bound to be—a clumsy weapon; but it was by no means so stupid or so inefficient as Mr. Busch seems to imagine. When he deliberately baited it, as he did, to demonstrate his cleverness (that fatal enthusiasm for Herr von Wostrowitz!), it is hardly surprising that he attracted the attention of M.I.5. What is a little surprising is Mr. Busch account of his victorious verbal duel with a senior officer of that department, who is depicted as behaving like a bullying ignoramus of the Lower Fifth after a too short course in Mr. Edgar Hoover's F.B.I. training school. As the officer in question is identifiable, and bore (before his retirement) no obvious resemblance to Mr. Busch's picture, one begins to wonder how far the rest of this testimony is credible. That is a pity; for a useful book could be written on the subject of espionage as an international nuisance. Having, I suspect, less inside knowledge than he professes, Mr. Busch has not written it.

Nor, for that matter, has Professor Kent, who interrupted his historical studies at Yale to serve, from 1941 to 1947, first in the Intelligence branch of O.S.S.—Colonel Donovan's American counterpart to the British para-military underground organisation—and subsequently as acting Director of Intelligence at the State Department. But then, sensational "unmasking" was no part of Mr. Kent's purpose. Written with the unemotional terseness of a Military Manual, *Strategic Intelligence* is designed to show that for purposes of "total" war—the prolongation of "total" diplomacy—the scope of high-level Intelligence (as opposed to operational military details) is practically all-embracing. In order to appreciate correctly a potential enemy's strength, vulnerability and probable reactions to external action, a Director of Intelligence at the centre of government must have a brief in which the chapter on political parties may be more important than the annexe on numbers and types of aircraft, the notes on leading personalities as decisive as the estimates of transport capacity and industrial potential. And in this business of "surveillance," as Professor Kent calls it, the beautiful blonde spy is definitely *démodée*, and even the clandestine agent becomes a subsidiary, if still essential figure. What is needed is central organisation—the files, the indexes, the skilled "interpreters" of news—drawing on sources, overt and covert, which may range from Embassy attachés to newspaper correspondents, from intercepted messages to travellers' tales, from agents' reports to press-cuttings.

As an up-to-date professional in this complicated technique, Mr. Kent makes a number of good points. For instance, he rightly complains that the usefulness to the "consumer" of reports from agents is apt to suffer from the practice by which protective "middlemen" at the receiving end not merely conceal (as is proper) the identity of the "source," but insist on grading each report with their own (often ill-informed) estimate of its reliability. Equally sound is his emphasis on the value of the radio monitor: quite apart from clandestine or strictly operational Intelligence, the correct deduction of an enemy directive reflected in his press and broadcasts may be of the greatest value. Above all, would-be I.O.s on the strategic scale should take to heart Professor Kent's warning on the danger of losing objectivity because of prejudice or wishful thinking. It is fatally easy—as various Western estimates of Russian strength in 1939, or the "under-belly's" softness in 1943, showed only too well—for an Intelligence service to produce *kämpfende Wissenschaft*—the sort of information the "consumer" wants to have, because it supports his intention or proves his bias to be correct. It is true, in one sense, that Intelligence must be the servant of Operations: the statesman in peace and the commander in war have to shoulder the responsibility for decisions resulting in action. But the servant must not be a tame slave; he must have a mind of his own.

I have implied that *Strategic Intelligence* is a penny-plain organisational textbook. So, in a sense, it is: its aim is presumably to instruct the personnel of the numerous U.S. Intelligence agencies, from C.I.A. to F.B.I., in the importance of objectivity, method and a scholarly selection of wheat from chaff; and the author may also have wanted to assure democratic taxpayers, American and British, that they are getting something more than blondes and false beards for the large Secret Service Vote. Perhaps they are—though Mr. Busch would not be alone in questioning its value. What is certain is that Mr. Kent's readers in Moscow will conclude that, in this systematised "total surveillance," an attempt is being made to get a lot too much, and that every American in Eastern Europe or China is, on the evidence of this book, a potential agent. In his quiet way Mr. Kent unmasks more than Mr. Busch.

AYLMER VALLANCE

NEW NOVELS

A Tree of Night and Other Stories. By TRUMAN CAPOTE. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.
Pride of Place. By PATIENCE MCELWEE. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.
Within the Labyrinth. By NORMAN LEWIS. *Cape.* 9s. 6d.
Prince Isidore. By HAROLD ACTON. *Methuen.* 10s. 6d.

They seemed young enough then, young men in novels before the war: motherless, humourless, loverless youths, devoured with guilt and angst, sure only of one thing—their ultimate failure. But young men in novels today manage to be even younger. Is it the war that has bred this race of Peter Pans with which novelists now shower us? A principal exploiter of the child's bright eye is Truman Capote, who not only projects himself more convincingly than his fellows—like Anita Loos he is a master of the *faux naif*—but also writes far better. In the first half of *Other Voices, Other Rooms* he gave a superb exhibition of his abilities. Three of the stories in his new volume, *A Tree of Night*, reveal the same good qualities. Still, many may find Mr. Capote a maddening writer. He is constantly staring goggle-eyed at the great big world and registering his child-like reactions. The freakish, the horrid, the pretty, are his provinces—nothing in between or beyond. Yet at times he transcends the limitations of his own approach and can write a passage as haunting as Hans Andersen. Such moments occur when Mr. Capote is most himself, when he manages to throw off the elaborate mantle of the Southern School (of Eudora Welty in particular) and when he uses unaffectedly the twin attributes of a child's mind and eye—imagination and sensitivity. We see him at his best in "Children on Their Birthdays," the most sustained of his new stories. Ten-year-old Miss Bobbit is a true Capote heroine:

> Tangee gave her lips an orange glow, her hair, rather like a costume wig, was a mass of rosy curls, and her eyes had a knowing pencilled tilt; even so, she had a skinny dignity, she was a lady, and, what is more, she looked you in the eye with a manlike directness.

Miss Bobbit liked to dance in the garden to an old record of *The Count of Luxembourg*:

> By now it was almost nightfall, a firefly hour, blue as milkglass; and birds like arrows swooped together and swept into the folds of trees. Before storms, leaves and flowers appear to burn with a private light, colour, and Miss Bobbit, got up in a little white skirt like a powderpuff and with strips of gold-glittering tinsel ribboning her hair, seemed set against the darkening all round, to contain this illuminated quality . . . and (when) the last supper bell had sounded, and all the children had gone home, and the night iris was beginning to bloom, Miss Bobbit was still there in the dark turning like a top.

Mr. Capote should keep more often to this note. He is much less successful with his circus freaks and Gothic horrors.

The Malays:
A Cultural History
By Sir RICHARD WINSTEDT, K.B.E.
An authoritative account of this many-sided civilization down to modern days assembled by an author with an international reputation for his knowledge of the subject. *Illustrated.* 15s. *net*

Continuous Creation
By WILFRED BRANFIELD with a Foreword by FREDERIC WOOD-JONES, F.R.S.
Professor Wood-Jones says: "If he is justified in his claims we are liberated from the thraldom of cold, material, academic chemistry and physics to escape into the sunlight and the magic of radiant energy." *Illustrated.* 8s. 6d. *net*

The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night
Rendered into English from the complete French translation, by POWYS MATHERS
"It is impossible to believe that The Thousand Nights and One Night could ever be better presented in English."—*The Spectator. Seventh impression. In four volumes.* £5 5s. *net the set*

A History of Exploration: From the Earliest Times to the Present Day
By Sir PERCY SYKES, K.C.I.E.
The third edition of a standard work. "A book like this restores faith, showing how richly starred with individual valour man's depressing record is."—*The Observer.*
With 24 plates and 35 maps. 30s. *net*

ROUTLEDGE AND KEGAN PAUL

FERNAND LEGER
By Douglas Cooper

A fine monograph, lavishly illustrated, on Fernand Léger, this book is both the story of Léger's life and a tribute to his achievements. Today he is numbered among the small circle of really outstanding modern French painters, which includes such men as Picasso, Matisse and Braque. There are 133 illustrations (eight in colour) and among these are photographs of Léger at various periods in his life: in his studio, with friends in earlier days, and in New York. The book also contains a comprehensive translation of the French text.

"*An admirably informed, lucid and well-illustrated account of the artist ...*"
—THE TRIBUNE.

Crown 4to. Full cloth. £2 2s. net.

LUND HUMPHRIES

WINIFRED
DUKE
The Needful Journey
The story of an exceedingly wealthy centenarian who creates unbearable tension amongst her relatives as to the disposition of her will.
"She can tell a story that grips from start to finish." SCOTSMAN
9/6 *net*

EILEEN
BIGLAND
Clown Without Background
Mogador Druse was a philanderer and mountebank who exercised a fatal charm over everyone he met. This "clown without background" capers wittily across the pages of this novel. 9/6 *net*

JARROLDS
Publishers (London) Limited.

ALEXANDRA
DICK
Cross Purposes
A Swedish holiday resort provides the background for this penetrating psychological novel with a dash of mystery and detection. By the author of "MacAlastair Looks On." (13th thous)
9s. 6d. *net*

HILARY
GRAY
Frightened to Death
The sheer pace of this fast-action, first-person thriller holds the reader breathless from the first page to the last. A young author who has come to stay.
9s. 6d. *net*

HURST & BLACKETT

GEORGE ORWELL
said: "I am enchanted to come across important writing that also made good reading." of
HOLLOW of the WAVE
by
EDWARD NEWHOUSE
of "*The New Yorker.*"
8/6 net
REINHARDT & EVANS

The Turn of the Century,
The Turn of the Tide for Writers
Now that 1950 is getting into its swing and most New Year resolutions have been broken—remember to keep that special one—TO GET INTO PRINT IN 1950 through the London School of Journalism. With more paper for the periodicals there is an ever-widening field for new writers. The London School of Journalism, founded under the patronage of the Press and staffed by expert writers, is ready to coach you by post on all subjects connected with writing, including Short Stories, Journalism, Radio Plays, English Literature and History. Each student is under the personal supervision of a trained writer and the best advice and criticism is available to those who undertake the course.
Courses are constantly under revision and the closest touch is kept with the journalistic market. If you are hesitant about your capability send a MS. for an opinion—there is no fee or obligation. Free booklet "Writing for the Press" on application to—
Prospectus Office:
LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Tel.: HUSeum 4574
"Whenever you think of writing, think of the L.S.J."

GO NUTS IN
MAY WITH
Circus
CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE
DYLAN THOMAS
JACK LINDSAY
JULES SUPERVEILLE
DOROTHY CARRINGTON
BRIDGET CHETWYND
ANDRE FRANCOIS
RONALD SEARLE
ANGUS WILSON
AT YOUR NEWSAGENT
OUT MAY 1ST 1/-

Mrs. McElwee is the reverse of childlike. She starts by deploying her young characters—the setting of *Pride of Place* is a public school—in nicely impossible predicaments. But then, feminine and partisan like Ouida (and sometimes as cavalier with technicalities), she cajoles her unhappy people so ruthlessly that they have no choice except to get together in a happy ending. Andrew Crichton comes out of the army and finds his family circle a shambles. His raffish mother is remarried to a black marketeer, while his sixteen-year-old brother, Simon, a good boy at heart, talks like this:

> Can I have leave to trip down to the cottage—my dear, it's my day for cowslips—every bowl in the house crammed with yellow sweetness—and tell him the glad news?

Bewildered by all this, Andrew returns to being a house-master at Wilton, "an old English public school." Here Simon is one of his charges. But Simon is already in the clutches of Rudy Fischer—rich, handsome, Jewish, and, above all, the Modern Languages Master—who is inevitably the villain. This sadistic Svengali fights Andrew for pride of place in his brother's affection. On another level the Headmaster's daughter fights Simon for Andrew and so on—a nice tight situation. Each party must choose between conflicting loyalties: only vigorous cheating on the part of the author forces a decision. Mrs. McElwee manages the relationships *between* her characters, and their predicaments, better than she does the characters themselves. Although she has developed considerable range, I prefer this writer in a more frivolous mood.

Italy, distrusted by a generation of Francophiles writing between the two wars, or out of bounds for political reasons, has been rediscovered by contemporary novelists. Writers, both popular and intellectual, have turned towards the Siren South, every aspect of which—corrupt, operatic, beautiful, battered—now has its specialist. But so far nobody has struck a vein unworked by Norman Douglas, and no one approaches the level of Compton Mackenzie or Aldous Huxley at their best. Mr. Norman Lewis's young sergeant, a well-meaning Liberal, frustrated by a war of inaction, at last gets a proper job—as the only allied representative in a remote Calabrian town. Here he hopes to be able to justify himself. But fly-blown, bandit-ridden, war-torn Malevento is no place for this. The locals have turned their scale of values upside down. How can one deal with them except by doing the same? Good intentions hit back like boomerangs. Armed only with these, Manning is easily outmanoeuvred and finally checkmated by the Machiavellian chief of police. As it stands, this is a cruelly moral tale, one moreover that tells. But Mr. Lewis tries to render it even more telling by piling on harsh touches, by heightening the drama with atmospheric overtones. If some of this is effective, the uniform beastliness of everything cancels itself out. A few notes of sympathy might have leavened the horror and made it credible. Alternatively, Mr. Lewis could have presented us with a more interesting central figure, one in the same proportions as his fantastically lurid background:

> The motion of the river was revealed only by a sprawling insect on its surface which gyrated slowly, and by the blueish-white, froth-edged shape of a bloated animal corpse which bobbed its way slowly round a pillar.

No less elaborate, but how different, is the view of Italy that Mr. Acton lays before us, seductive and trifling as a Neapolitan gouache in picture-postcard blues! Here all is prettiness:

> . . . A magnificent equipage, a high-sprung cabriolet of turquoise blue, lined with velvet, spangled with silver stars within and without, and enamelled with his family escutcheon. His horses . . . with manes and tails as fine as flax, of a great length, like solid waves; their harness was of blue and silver, and the ornament that covered the crest of their manes represented rows of convolvuluses formed of the same materials, most delicately woven. On their heads they bore white ostrich feathers and artificial flowers.

Even sorrow has a funny centre. The benevolent Prince Isidore Pizzofalcone, rich and happily married to a beautiful English wife, might seem more fortunate than any other Neapolitan at the end of the eighteenth century. Only, all unknowingly, he radiates sorrow with every glance of his peculiar eyes. This most notorious of all *jettatori* (possessors of the Evil Eye) causes the deaths of his mother, father, brother, son and grandson. But his depredations extend far beyond the family circle: cholera decimates Naples, ships sink in battle and storm, even revolutions break out. On a more frivolous level he blights the virility of his son-in-law, the voice of a great coloratura and the youth and beauty of a buxom mistress.

Ultimately, the Prince realises his dreadful powers and, appalled by the tally of disasters, calls upon his fellow *jettatori* in the hopes of averting others. But his efforts at eluding Fate hit back at him. In a neatly ironical ending the Canon Ojori, another renowned *jettatore*, gives him a mortal taste of his own poison. As Prince Isidore's fateful eyes finally close, the Plague abates. Since there is no longer a door where misfortunes can be laid, they appear to cease. Is the Evil Eye a sensible rationalisation of bad luck? The author expresses no opinion.

Mr. Acton has arranged his little conceit (after Dumas) artfully, but like all Neapolitan fireworks its effects are unpredictable. At best *Prince Isidore* is tasteful pastiche; at worst it reads like bad Firbank. A number of scrawls in sanguine ink by Feliks Topolski embellish neither the pages nor the tale.

JOHN RICHARDSON

POETRY, RELIGION AND BAROQUE

Poetry and Humanism. By M. M. MAHOOD. *Cape.* 16*s.*

The special appeal of seventeenth-century religious poetry can hardly be explained by catch-phrases such as "unified sensibility" or "radical metaphors." Donne, Herbert and Vaughan represent an age, not of uneasy mediation between the thrusting individualism of the early Renaissance, and that disenchanted second period when the conflicting claims of rational theology, national politics and the new science were demanding to be met, but rather an age of re-integration. Miss Mahood's learned, readable, and, in the best sense, topical book centres round a discussion not so much of the problem but of its solution. It illustrates quite clearly why attempts to revive the solution, without the attitude behind it, have always proved unworkable. Miss Mahood's general argument is that the greatness of seventeenth-century religious poetry is due to its frankly accepting the challenge of Renaissance "New Philosophy." Donne, Herbert and Vaughan were themselves humanists and by reason of the "God-centred" nature of their humanism they were able to reconcile new discoveries about the physical world and the nature of man with the central truths of the Christian faith. God-centred humanism is sharply distinguished from man-centred humanism, which only recognises tension between Man and Nature, and which has resulted in the inhumanity of modern economy. Man, in fact, is "the point of interaction" between the vertical order, the uncreated world of being, and the horizontal order, the conditioned world of becoming. And in illustration of the ability of seventeenth-century religious poets to withstand and indeed to utilise this double stress, Miss Mahood makes the customary analogy between the work of Donne and Herbert, and the Baroque in the visual arts. In their common devotion to paradox, their energetic manner of posing and solving the most complex problems of order and balance, and in their triumphant and often violent harmonisation of irreconcilables, the analogy passes over into similarity; and similarity becomes identity in synaesthesia—the attempt to satisfy more than one sense at once, as in the Emblem Book, in a poem like Herbert's *Easter Wings*, where the shape of the poem on the page suggests the flight of birds, or in some of Victoria's music where the notes are designed to give satisfaction to the eye.

The humanity of Baroque religious poetry is in contrast with that turning away from the world of man which we find in the devotional poetry of the nineteenth century. Miss Mahood compares Herbert with Christina Rossetti. Herbert accepts the tension between the two orders of existence; as a consequence his poetry possesses "audacity, actuality and humour." Even his rebellions against God are always an attempt to escape from the centre; sometimes, Miss Mahood insists, rebellion becomes an artifice almost, a game with the Divine Lover. But Christina is not certain of the Divine Lover's response. For her "the darkness of time and the light of eternity" do not co-exist. Life is not to be rejoiced in; life is exile: home is elsewhere. And home is not a higher and fuller state of existence, but inertia, "the long dream-haunted sleep of death." Historically and symbolically, some time between the *Songs of Innocence* and the *Songs of Experience* represents the point beyond which the seventeenth-century solution becomes unworkable. The Tractarians—whose ideal was the poetry of Herbert, the strenuous piety of Laud—were unable to face the challenge of a new world order. Separating the Church and the World, they felt above all, in their poetry, the need to explain, and later on to defend the mysteries of the faith. This was something quite foreign to the Baroque poets. By the time Mr. Eliot came to write *The Waste Land* such topics as "the kisse of the spouse, gustation of God and ingression into the divine shadow" demanded the most cautious strategy, could only be introduced by means of a symbolism sufficiently remote to overcome a: the best hostility, at the worst indifference.

Miss Mahood discusses with equal clarity and vigour the work of Donne, Milton and Vaughan. The chapter on the heroes of Marlowe, however, is unsatisfactory, not so much in itself, as in relation to the whole structure of her book. It is not actually asserted that in Marlowe we have a prophetic realisation of the loss of equilibrium in man-centred humanism; but the plays are related, none the less, to the re-integration of the Baroque poets. The danger of Renaissance individualism was, for Marlowe, its intoxication. This danger did not spring from a violation of the Medieval synthesis; but rather from offending received opinion about the existence of the synthesis. The pressure of society was the last enemy to Marlowe as to Raleigh, both thinkers of dangerous thoughts. The last enemy was certainly not an outraged God. I think that Miss Mahood might have distinguished between Marlowe's intention and the relevance of the plays to her general argument. Again, illustrating Jacobean pessimism, she offers another analogy from the visual arts. The analogy is to Manner-

There are many imitations

The continued popularity of Aertex cellular fabric over sixty years has led to many inferior imitations, often loosely described as "Aertex." But the *real* Aertex is unique. You can tell it by this label.

but only one AERTEX

Study at Home for a DEGREE!

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without "going into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three examinations. Wherever you are, you can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by a staff of 200 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall courses have enabled hundreds of men and women to acquire Degrees and thereby raise their status and their salaries. **PROSPECTUS** from **O. D. Parker**, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH 85,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

SELLING JEWELLERY?

As the leading Hatton Garden jewellers we can offer the following

RECORD PRICES

£5-£75, Cultured Pearl Necklaces.
£10-£100, Gold Cigarette Cases.
£10-£75, Solid Silver Tea Sets and Trays.
£15-£250, Diamond Watches and Eternity Rings.
£5-£35, Gold Pocket Watches and Chains.
£3-£25, Solid Silver Sports Cups and Trophies.
£15-£20 for £5 Gold Pieces.

Up to £5,000 for Diamond and Precious Stone Rings, Brooches, Bracelets and Ear-rings, etc.

Valuations by Qualified Expert
(Fellow Gemmological Association)
Register your Parcels (cash or offer per return) or call at

M. HAYES & SONS, LTD.
106 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1
HOLborn 8177

ECONOMICS—FROM THE BEGINNING

Economics need not be a difficult subject if approached in the right way—from the beginning. This is what the School of Economic Science attempts to do in its twelve-lecture course "Basic Economics." No previous knowledge is demanded, but the course is a splendid refresher for those who have already studied the subject. A course of summer lectures starts at 7 p.m. on Tuesday, May 2. Lectures are repeated each evening from Tuesday to Friday so that you may choose an evening in each week. Fee is one guinea. Enrol now in person, by letter or phone TRAfalgar 6415.

School of Economic Science
11 Suffolk Street, Haymarket, S.W.1

WE COLLECT AND DELIVER IN CENTRAL LONDON
DUPLICATING—NO WAITING
Ring HOLborn 0357
TWO-HOUR RUSH SERVICE (up to 500 sheets)
ORDERS BY POST DESPATCHED SAME DAY
COURIER BUSINESS SERVICE,
16, Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.
WE COLLECT AND DELIVER IN CENTRAL LONDON

INTERNATIONAL STUDY COURSE

At Mayrhofen in the Ziliertal (Austrian Tyrol) the University of Innsbruck is again running its famous international vacation courses from the end of June onward. Rates are reasonable, 23 days inclusive (20 night accommodation) costs only £29.18.6. Coach excursions are available as extras. Write for fuller details to W.T.A. Ltd., 49 Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1.

KING'S RHAPSODY—
a King Six Cigar. 1/7.

Company Meeting

United Kingdom Provident Institution.

INCREASED INTERIM BONUS.

Mr. John Benn's Speech.

The annual general meeting of the United Kingdom Provident Institution was held on April 19th in London.

Mr. John Benn, the chairman, who presided, said:

You will observe from the balance sheet and accounts, that the new sums assured of £5,901,208 exceed the previous year's figure by £393,208. The average policy was for a sum assured of £800. Expenses in relation both to premium and total income show a slight reduction. The greater part of the income is, of course, devoted to the settlement of claims; the next largest item is the provision for the bonus, with the result that, taking the average of the past three years and before deduction of tax, 18s. 2d. out of every £1 received by the Institution was applied for the benefit of members.

You will observe that the very satisfactory rate of £5 4s. 5d., gross interest has been earned on the fund compared with £5 2s. 7d. a year ago. I must emphasise that the rate is calculated on a very conservative valuation of your fund, and reflects the great strength of the reserves.

As last year, the accounts of the United Kingdom Fire and Accident Insurance Company, Limited, are included in the report, and they record further progress. The gross premium income of £285,234 shows an increase of nearly £200,000 over the figure at the end of the war, and a net underwriting profit of 4.7 per cent. has been devoted to strengthening the reserves.

During my early months at Gracechurch Street I have been greatly impressed by the sense of public responsibility which prevails in the City of London. Financiers are now out of favour, but the country's debt to those who transact its money business cannot be measured only by balance sheets. The silk hat is not the badge of plutocracy it is often represented to be, nor are the silver buttons of our messengers a sign of subservience. The silk hat was, I believe, worn originally as being the hat most easily raised to the customer, but it is also, like the buttons, symbolic of the strict and exact standards which happily still mark the business of the City. This is perhaps most clearly recognised abroad, especially in the United States, where our reputation for reliability built up over 150 years is still our most valuable asset.

THREAT OF NATIONALISATION

In common with several industries, insurance has been impelled to find its voice by the threat of nationalisation, which, directed first against the industrial branch, was applied to all forms of insurance conducted by the companies concerned. The institution played its part in the life offices' campaign to defeat this reckless proposal. The right and proper concern of the electors with economic affairs clearly demands that the fullest information about all forms of business enterprise should be available, if sound judgment is to be formed and reflected in Parliament.

The nation has learned that its life assurance savings now amount to at least £2,000 millions, an average of some £40 per head of the population. Moreover, as these savings are being maintained and increased at a time when most other forms of thrift have halted or gone back, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would do well to improve the amount of tax relief on life assurance premiums.

INCREASED INTERIM BONUS

We have just completed two-thirds of our present triennium, and all with-profit policies written this year will share in the bonus to be declared early in 1951. Meanwhile, I am happy to announce that the directors have decided to declare an increased compound interim bonus of 33s. per cent. to be paid on all with-profit policies which mature this year, with 2l. extra for long-term policies in the temperance section, which will receive 35s. per cent.

I referred earlier to the regard in which British assurance is held in the United States. We, in turn, can learn something from the Americans, who are constantly aware that service is implicit in business, and this gives an impetus to the whole economy. It is significant that a New York life assurance company, when recruiting staff, invites young men to enter on "a pleasant and profitable career," not in selling policies, but in "providing family security."

That, of course, is the primary aim of the United Kingdom Provident Institution.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Which is the best Hotel?
How much does it cost?
Where can I find it?

The book of Trust House Hotels in Great Britain gives all the answers.

Write for Guide to Trust Houses, to:—

TRUST HOUSES LIMITED

81 PICCADILLY · LONDON · W.1 · Telephone: GROSVENOR 1846

SWITZERLAND: *HOTEL KURHAUS GRIESALP*
Bernese Oberland. 4,950 ft.

Restful summer holiday. Lovely walks. Easy climbing. Ascensions. Every comfort. Excellent cooking. Rates from 12 to 16 francs per day.

Write for prospectus

WALKING ABROAD—

and details of other unique holidays are contained in our open-air programme "Abroad with a Rucksack." Get it now if you are interested in cycling, motor cycling, sailing or walking in many countries (Andorra, Bavaria, France, Austria, Majorca and Switzerland).

W.T.A. Ltd., 49 Gillingham Street, London S.W.1

A.A. TIDES REACH HOTEL R.A.C.
Salcombe, S. Devon.
Tel./Grams: 288.

"By side of sheltered sandy beach where country meets the sea"

Modern standards of comfort, good food and farm produce. Vacancies until June.

Special terms for May - 7 gns.

Peltours
TO THE CONTINENT

Ask for free Illustrated programme of selected all-inclusive holidays. Individual arrangements—truly "made to measure." Daily departures by land/sea or air.

PELTOURS, 29 DUKE ST. LONDON W.1. WEL. 9943-7

MICHELIN GUIDE 1950
NOW READY
SEND 18/3 FOR GUIDE
POST FREE BY RETURN
CONTOURS
72, Newman Street., London W.1.
MUSeum 6483 & 1499

FRANCE & SPAIN *(Costa Brava)* **15 Days**
PARIS-VICHY-TARN GORGE-CARCASSONNE-TOSSA-BARCELONA

If you're lazy, unconventional and gay and prepared to risk meeting foreigners when abroad—then you'll enjoy our holiday. Planned by expert on Spain, Maurice Harskin, Esq.

Brochure from Continental Club Tours, 13, Woburn Sq., W.C.1

ism, the representative style of the second phase of the Renaissance, a style which, according to Nikolaus Pevsner, "has no faith in mankind and no faith in matter." In contrast to Baroque, Mannerism produced only one undoubted masterpiece, the Laurenziana Ante-Room; but it also produced a considerable amount of charming and subtle work, Giulio Romano's house at Mantua, for example. Fulke Greville's oddly impressive religious poetry may be taken, in view of its anti-humanist tendency, as representative of late Elizabethan pessimism. This poetry is not personal and devotional in the same sense as Herbert's; but Greville can say "I know the world and believe in God" with as much conviction as Herbert, although his gesture is one of rejection, not of affirmation. Important religious poetry can spring from a calvinist or even a dualist view, from a denial of the dignity and order of the natural world, as Mannerism denied the dignity and order of Renaissance humanism. The only complaint one can make against Miss Mahood is that occasionally she pushes her analogies too far, in order to reinforce the shapeliness of her general argument.

IAIN FLETCHER

LAST SURVIVOR

The Inner Experience of a Psychoanalyst. By THEODORE REIK. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

Theodore Reik is probably the last orthodox survivor of that small heroic band of Central Europeans who gathered round Freud in the first decade of psychoanalysis, before 1914. Most of them are dead; a few, such as Jung and Reich, established their own heretical doctrines; but Reik lives on, an exile in New York, almost disregarded by the second and third generations of psychoanalysts who knew not Pharaoh (or should it be Moses?). His is a somewhat sad and lonely position, a little analogous to the Old Bolshevik of fifteen years ago. For him psychoanalysis is a continually expanding body of revelationary and revolutionary surprises: for the disciples it is an almost hermetically closed doctrine: for him its growth and validity depend on insight and intuition, for them on the scientific, or pseudo-scientific, paraphernalia of statistics and controls; for him Freud was a teacher and friend—a rather distant friend, it is true; it was only at their last meeting that he told Reik "I've always liked you": for the disciples he is the Prophet, and his writings are treated as scripture, with a discoverable text to justify every pronouncement made in his name.

Reik's position is a pathetic one; but one could sympathise with him slightly better if he were not quite so querulous, nor quite so verbose. He grumbles about the medical and the intellectual approach to psychoanalysis; he criticises, often justifiably, most of the survivors of his generation—Brill, Stekel, Reich; he pokes ponderous fun at psychoanalytical lingo; every one is out of step but Theodore. And he has a fatal fluency of writing (or dictating?); he never uses a hundred words where a thousand will do as well; ideas which would inform a moderately long article for other thinkers he inflates into full-length books.

The book under review is primarily an appeal to young psychoanalysts to trust their controlled intuition more and the rules and lecture notes less in interpreting their patients' perplexities. The book was published in America under the title *Listening with the Third Ear*, which gave a rather graphic description of the main contents. The English publishers have set up their edition from the American, and on every one of the more than 250 even numbered pages the cross-heading is "Listening with the Third Ear"; only on the title page and back is the book called *The Inner Experience of a Psychoanalyst*. Although the new title may possibly attract some curious lay readers who would not have bought the book under its original title, it is thoroughly misleading; except in the one aspect the book is not concerned with the inner experience of a psychoanalyst. The whole subject of transference and counter-transference is omitted, as are the problems of choosing new patients or terminating analyses, the analyst's response to success or failure in treatment, and all the other subjects which Reik would almost certainly have treated had he been writing a book under such a title.

Reik's argument is that in the psychoanalytic situation the most important communications are those between the unconscious of the patient and the unconscious of the analyst; the analyst should "listen with the third ear" for these non-verbal communications, and put them into words as soon as the occasion is opportune. He gives a number of examples of interpretations or discoveries he made in the course of treatment, and tries to reconstitute the non-logical train of associations which led him to these flashes of controlled insight.

Reik is harking back to the almost mythical period of *The Interpretation of Dreams* and *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* when the inner life of the psychoanalyst was the chief source of data. He justifiably complains that the psychoanalyst, as a fallible human being, has almost completely disappeared from psychoanalytical literature, to be replaced by the lifeless figment of the blank-faced scientist, sans bias, sans feelings, sans errors. Following the Master, Reik recounts some of his own dreams, some of his own preoccupations and embarrassments as a human being, as a husband and father. They add to our knowledge of Mr. Reik, but not very much to our knowledge of psychological processes. When Blériot flew the Channel he demonstrated hitherto unguessed potentialities; but such a demonstration can only be made once.

Reik's plea for greater attention to be paid to the psychological and intuitive, rather than the medical or intellectual, aspects of psychoanalysis supplies a useful corrective, especially for the rather exaggeratedly mechanistic young American psychoanalysts to whom his book is particularly addressed. On the whole, Reik's theoretical viewpoint seems almost grotesquely old-fashioned; but it is well to be reminded that psychoanalysis, like the other branches of psychology and medicine, is an art as well as a science.

GEOFFREY GORER

A History of American Literature, 1607-1765. By MOSES COIT TYLER. *Cornell University Press; Geoffrey Cumberlege.* 48*s.*

A little over seventy years ago Moses Coit Tyler presented this classic study of the literary sources of American culture to an audience of scholars largely unaware of the existence even of many of these records. American scholarship in this century, and especially in the last two decades, has, of course, recovered much hitherto lost or unknown material. But Tyler remains unsurpassed. Time has performed the useful service of showing up his study not only as a rich source-book for the specialist but as a vivid anthology for anyone who cares for literature written in the English language. As a nineteenth-century man, the contemporary of Emerson and Arnold, both of whom appear to have influenced him, Tyler's conception of literary history was both responsible and generous. "Upon no topic of literary estimation have I formed an opinion at second hand," he writes. "In every instance, I have examined for myself the work under consideration." This was a more heroic undertaking than we may now recognise, for the literature which Tyler discussed was unread, hard to get at, and, for the most part, existed either in MS form or in rare copies resting in obscure places. In some instances, as in the epitaphs, journals, broadsheets and so on that he consulted, it had never been thought of as literature at all. The result is far more than a diligent omnibus of references. For Tyler has a wonderfully fresh, racy narrative pitch and a talent for weaving in illuminating quotations which, as he was abundantly aware, is the first gift of the literary historian. His leisurely enjoying style, his mature standards for judging this period in American culture against its predominantly Elizabethan inheritance, makes his work as remarkable for that tough "manliness" of tone and intellect, which Tyler himself valued in the colonial writers, as it is for its pioneering researches. One could wish that the narrower inspiration of much that passes for literary history in our time might take fire from this brave example.

Europe in Decay: A Study in Disintegration 1936-1940. By L. B. NAMIER. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

In *Diplomatic Prelude* Professor Namier showed to admiration how contemporary history should be written; and, after this success, he is entitled to some additional comments. His new book has unity only in the title: it is a collection of reprinted pieces, not a coherent study, and not all the pieces are as relevant to *Diplomatic Prelude* as he makes out. He finds new material on the origins of the war in the memoirs of Bonnet, the diary of Ciano, and in various collections of documents. On the other hand he strays outside his defined limits when he writes of Baudouin or of the fall of Mussolini; and it is difficult to see much in his essay on Churchill's history except the achievement of getting a gallon into a pint-pot. It would be captious to complain of the reprinting of occasional pieces in a journal half of which is devoted to reviews of books; and after all, Mr. Namier is in the front rank of historical reviewers. All the same, this is an unreliable method for either author or reader to keep up to date with the evidence on recent history. After the first world war Dr. G. P. Gooch produced a survey of sources which claimed to be exhaustive. Mr. Namier's survey is determined by the whims of editors, not by the material available. For instance, the memoirs of Gamelin are of prime value to the diplomatic historian; but since the editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* presumably sent them to a military historian for review, Mr. Namier passes them by with a casual reference. It is true that some of the greatest historians have reprinted their occasional pieces. But Sorel wrote about Talleyrand, Mr. Namier about Bonnet. Maybe this is no more than a reflection on our age.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,054

Correspondents in *The Times* have lately been exercising their ingenuity in inventing appropriate names for the site of the 1951 Exhibition. Competitors are invited to comment on the discussion in a six-line epigram in rhyming verse. Entries by May 9th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,051

Set by Hunter Diack

The usual prizes are offered for the wittiest clues to the following words or phrases as they might appear on a cross-word puzzle in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION: fellow-traveller; proprietary drugs; abstract forms; iron curtain; calling the tune; delaying tactics; red light; London Diary; cold war; boiled shirt.

Report by Hunter Diack

Rather more than the average number of entries, with a great spread of quality both in the mass and in individual entries. "Wittiest" was the operative word in the competition as set. Competitors paid too little attention to that requirement. Even some of the best entries were marred by anagrams that did not even pretend to have any point. There was some point in E. J. Brooks's "Dior's blithe creation for a member of the Carlton Club" for *boiled shirt*, but several anagrams were not even given a context. There were some rhyming entries, but too often the rhyme cut across the grain of the wit. David Bleakley's *proprietary drugs*:

> The man who gave us all free glasses
> Thinks these the opium of the masses—

was as acceptable as any of these—but it was too easy for a cross-word clue. Hidden clues were never successful, nor were any of the incomplete quotations. It was interesting to see how often minds thought alike. About half the entries in one way or another associated *red light* with *Forever Amber*. With *delaying tactics* few could get away from Fabianism

and most of those who did took refuge on the chicken-farm. The two best clues were "Marx brother" for *fellow-traveller* by Vicar-General and "Second Front for Social Security" for *boiled shirt* by L. A. Macrae. As every entry contained some damp squibs, I am printing no single one in full. As things turned out, in order to make a fair selection consistency in the quality of the various items had to be preferred to the occasional brilliancy.

One and half guineas each to Vicar-General, W. J. Halliday, and Little Billee. Half a guinea each to E. J. Brooks, Allan M. Laing, and L. A. Macrae.

Fellow-traveller : Marx brother.
Abstract forms : ghosts in triplicate.
Red light : for ever after-Amber.
London Diary : capital critic-isms.
Cold war : bombes glacées à la Russe.
VICAR-GENERAL

Abstract forms : figures that have all bust.
Delaying tactics : putting on with a view to putting off.
London Diary : the critic's weekly peeps.
Cold war : scraps in a fridge.
Boiled shirt : worn with studded stiffness.
W. J. HALLIDAY

Fellow-traveller : parti-Pollitician.
Proprietary drugs : Mr. Bevan says we can well dispense with them, since we can dispense as well without them.
Calling the tune : privilege America expects when she insists on paying dollars to Pan-Europa.
London Diary : St. Martin's summary—all the year round!
Cold war : bombe glacée. LITTLE BILLEE

A selection from other entries :—

Fellow-traveller :
Rider—*in patibus.* M. N.

He has the courage of someone else's convictions. HENRY WALTER

Herr Marx, I presume. C. M. GROSETT

Usually travels in the red line bus and invariably hides his ticket. DAVID BLEAKLEY

The bluer you are the less you'll want his sympathy on the journey. VIVIEN JOHN

I don't know where I'm going, but my friends do. JAMES STORM

He's in the pink. GUY INNES

Abstract forms :
Not as bad as they are painted. JAMES Y. FINLAYSON

Spectres in triplicate (figures by Henry Moore). R. L. C.

Proprietary drugs :
Shorter names at higher prices. FRANK HUGH RAND

Is the owner worthy of his salt? JAMES M'INTYRE

For liverish all-sorts. L. G. UDALL

Articles of faith? Anyway they usually have to be swallowed. C. S. COOK

Iron Curtain :
What hinders two-thirds of the world knowing how the other third lives. JAMES Y. FINLAYSON

What kind of ballet behaviour does this hide? R. B. BROWNING

Hang it! Drop it! Stalin! M. N.

This usually comes down before the balloon goes up. ALLAN M. LAING

Poles must be reliable if this is to function properly. LESLIE JOHNSON

Calling the Tune :
Senator Taft says he doesn't mind doing business with fiddlers as long as he is doing this as well. HENRY WALTER

Having paid our saxpence we are now expecting a drone to be productive. H. S. TRIBE

London Diary :
Capital account. SEVERAL ENTRANTS

A weekly critique with pure reason and no Kant. BERNARD REBEL

Though not a fashion column, it reviews the latest trends and only Dior could write it. ELAINE MORGAN

Cold War :
An organised campaign carried on at the temperature of Charity. PAULINE HALL

May appear to the onlooker to be stalling between two fools. ELAINE MORGAN

Boiled Shirt :
Part of a uniform used to make Social Democrats more social and less democratic. FRANK HUGH RAND

Unpopular front. JOYCE JOHNSON

Stiff with studs. L. G. UDALL

Putting another nickel in—for a Marshall Air, perhaps? L. A. MACRAE

Delaying tactics : Putting off till to-morrow something whereby one could be done to-day. LESLIE JOHNSON

Warning from Wantons? E. J. BROOKS

CHESS: To Be or Not To Be

No. 34

Translated into Chess parlance the question is whether 'tis nobler to suffer the slings and arrows of a losing game or to resign there and then.

It is almost a truism that Chess, more than any other game, lends itself to symbolising the struggle of life. Yet what delights me most about the game is precisely the point where the symbolism ends. In life we are rarely given a second chance. In Chess we can have as many as we care to take. Whenever we find our fortune too outrageous we have the blessed escape of immediate resignation, and there and then we can start again with a perfectly clean slate and with the exciting prospect of testing the new experience learnt from past mistakes.

The question remains when to resign. We have all been exasperated by the player who insists on carrying on a hopeless struggle to the bitter end. We resent being considered capable of a last minute's lapse, and a duffer's lapse at that. We dislike having to prove the obvious.

Better resign in good time with a good grace. Yet one shouldn't resign too early either. Here is a case in point—a game I happened to watch in a London League match the other day. A faulty little game, but quite instructive :

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(8) Q-R6	R x Pch
(2) Kt-KB3	P-KB4	(9) B-K2	Q-K2
(3) Kt x P	Kt-QB3	(10) Q-Q1	R x B
(4) Q-R5ch	P-Kt3	(11) Kt-B3	Kt-KKt5
(5) Kt x KtP	Kt-KB3	(12) Q-R5ch	K-Q1
(6) Q-R4	R-KKt1	(13) Kt x R	Kt-Q5
(7) Kt x B	R-Kt5	(14) resigns	

Black might have had legitimate winning chances with (11) Kt-Q5. But White's 10th move was a mistake. He should have played Kt-B3 at once. His greatest mistake, though, was to resign when he did. He shouldn't have been frightened by Black's 13th move which was good poker rather than good chess. (14) Kt-K6ch would have called the bluff.

Here—Johner-Stallda 1938—is another case in point. White could win easily by R x Pch followed by Kt-Kt3 (the black K mustn't take the Kt of course). Instead White played Q-KB7 which Black countered by R-R8ch, followed by R x RPch. Seeing that in whatever way he took the R, he would be mated, Johner was shocked into immediate resignation. He could have simply played K-Kt4, which would have given Black no more than a draw by perpetual check.

A: von Stamma 1745

In this week's competition—usual prizes, entries by May 8th—A is a famous old classic, almost too easy for our stalwarts. As for B, also a study rather than a problem, it is not very difficult either. White to mate in 4. Not quite so easy is C, a rather amusing idea. White to mate in 5.

B: K. Richter 1939

C: Dr. H. Zepler 1932

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 25

(Set April 8)

A : (1) . . . P-Q6. (2) K-B1, Kt-B6 (the K. mustn't approach at once!). (3) K-Kt1, K-Q5. (4) K-Q1 (or Kt-B6ch), Kt-K5ch. (5) K-B1, Kt-Q3 ! (6) K-Q2, Kt-B5ch. (7) K-B1, P-Q7ch. (8) K-B2, K-K6. (9) Kt-Kt3, Kt-R6ch ! etc.

B : (1) K-B2, K-B4. (2) K-B3, K-K4. (3) P-Kt4, P x Pch. (4) K x P, K-K5. (5) P-R5, P-B4ch. (6) K-B3, P-B5. (7) P-R6, P-B6. (8) P-R7, P-B7. (9) K-Kt2, etc.

A good many competitors saw the subtle point of the Botvinnik study, but the Simagin endgame was evidently far too difficult. Relatively nearest to the main idea was R. C. Chaturvedi who gets first prize. Consolation prizes shared by E. W. Carmichael and M. Kaye. Much interesting comment on the question of preference for White or Black. I'll revert to it some time.

* * *

Our new *points system* gets under way this week (or, more precisely, three weeks hence when the results of to-day's competition are due for report). Many readers have offered me their commiseration for the labour involved or their practical advice (or both). Thanks to all of them.

So as not to discourage casual competitors, I have decided to run the new points system additionally to the usual old prizes. But from now on, competitors will also be credited with points—an average maximum of 5 for every perfectly correct solution. Particularly difficult or easy studies or problems may rate a little higher or lower. In to-day's competition there will be 4 points for A, 5 for B, 6 for C. "Nearly" correct entries will be awarded a point or two less than the maximum. After three or four weeks I will announce the interim scores of the leading competitors. The first four to reach 100 points will be awarded chessbook tokens for 2 guineas, 1½, 1, and ½ guinea respectively. We will then start all over again, but the previous winners will start at a handicap of — 12, — 10, — 8, and — 6 points respectively.

For the first "100 up," we shall have to stick to this system. Thereafter, we can certainly amend it or change it, if anybody can think of something fairer or more interesting. This is a strictly democratic column! ASSIAC

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

to any country in Europe, £2 10s. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main air port.
Africa West, £3. South and East, £3 9s.
India, Pakistan, £3 12s. Singapore, Malaya, £3 15s.
Hong Kong, £4. Australia, £5.
New Zealand, £5 5s.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Holborn 8471.

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
150, East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.
Surface, $5.50 yearly. Air Express, $13 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE on this issue Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1½d. Canada, 1d.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE University of Sydney. Challis Chair of English Literature. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Challis Chair of English Literature rendered vacant by the death of Professor A. J. A. Waldock. Salary will be at the rate of £1,500 (Australian) per annum. There is a normal retirement provision on the lines of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities and, in addition, a pension of £400 (Australian) per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. There is in the Department of English a Chair of Early English Literature and Language at present held by Professor A. G. Mitchell. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates may be obtained on application to the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close with the undersigned on June 26, 1950. W. H. Maze, Registrar, University of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in French. The salary will be within the scale £550 to £1,100, according to qualifications and experience. A rent, rates and tax free house will be provided on the College Estate. Application forms and further details can be obtained from the Registrar, University College of North Staffordshire, Keele Hall, Stoke-on-Trent. The last date for the receipt of applications is May 15, 1950.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in French at this College. Candidates should have lived for a considerable time in France and should have completed, or be well on the way towards completing, a substantial piece of research. Initial salary £450. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom six copies of application, together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent not later than May 8, 1950. E. R. Evans, Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

IMPERIAL War Museum. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a pensionable post of Assistant Keeper Class I in the Imperial War Museum. Candidates must be at least 30 years of age on May 1, 1950, and must have a University degree with Honours or show evidence of experience that befits them to undertake the duties of the post. Salary scales (men) £700 × £25 — £900 × £30 — £1,100; (women) £575 × £25 — £915. Particulars and application forms may be had from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 3058, by whom completed application forms must be received by May 11, 1950.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Assistant, Music Department. Applicants should be professional musicians with wide knowledge of the general repertoire. Duties will include building programmes of music other than symphonic. Starting salary £610 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by £40 to £890 p.a. maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Music Asst. N. Stm." For acknowledgement enclose stamped add. env.

HOSPITAL Management Committee for St. Francis and the Lady Chichester Hospitals. The Lady Chichester Hospital, Aldrington House, New Church Road, Hove, Sussex (for the Treatment and Rehabilitation of Early Nervous Disorders of Men, Women and Children). Psychiatric Social Worker required. Salary in accordance with the National Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) Reports, viz., £170 per annum—£530 per annum. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or any other approved certificate. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two persons to whom ref. may be made, should be forwarded as soon as possible to W. E. Mitchell, Sec., St. Francis Hospital, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

DUKE of York's Royal Military School, Dover. Applications are invited from Graduates in Mathematics for appointment as Assistant Master at the Duke of York's Royal Military School, Dover (residential secondary school). The successful applicant will be required to teach Mathematics up to VIth Form Standard. Salary will be in accordance with current Burnham Scales. The post is pensionable under the Teachers' Superannuation (Duke of York's Royal Military School) Scheme, 1946. Full particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Under-Secretary of State, The War Office (AE1), Stanmore, Middlesex. Closing date for applications May 11, 1950.

ASSISTANT Occupational Therapists (male) required at St. Bernard's Hospital, for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. Salary £140-£190 p.a. if qualified. Applications from unqualified Therapists may be considered, salary £290-£340. Conditions of service as laid down by the Joint Negotiating Committee. The posts, which are non-resident, will be subject to the provisions of the National Health Service Superannuation Regulations and the passing of a medical examination. No house available. Applications, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with the names of two referees, should be forwarded within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement to the Physician Superintendent.

HOUSEKEEPER required by prof. man; 30 miles north of London. Box 6131.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HAMPSHIRE Education Committee. Winchester County High School for Girls. Required in September, 1950, at the above Maintained Grammar School of 400 pupils, a Specialist in Religious Knowledge to organise and share the teaching of the subject throughout the school, including preparation for the General Certificate of Education at Ordinary and Advanced levels. Forms of application, which should be completed and forwarded to the Head Mistress at the School as soon as possible, may be obtained from the County Education Officer, The Castle, Winchester, on receipt of a (1d.) stamped add. foolscap env.

EDINBURGH Corporation: Education Committee. Community Centre Wardens. Applications are invited for 2 posts of Community Centre Wardens. Qualifications: (a) Senior Leaving Certificate of the S.E.D. or Higher School Certificate. (b) Training under the Scottish Youth Leadership Training Association (or equivalent training or experience). For those with the above qualifications the salary scale is: Grade A (men) £400 × £20—£500 p.a.; (women) £300 × £20—£400 p.a. For those who satisfy only (a) or (b) and/or are under 28 years of age but over 25 the salary offered is: Grade B (men) £350 × £15 (2) × £20—£400 p.a. (women) £260 £15 (2) × £10 —£300 p.a. After satisfactory service, consideration may be given to promoting a warden on Grade B scale to Grade A. The post is superannuable. Further details may be obtained from the Director of Education, 12 St. Giles St., Edinburgh, 1, with whom applications should be lodged not later than May 15, 1950. J. Storrar, Town Clerk.

MONMOUTHSHIRE Education Committee. Aberbargoed Youth and Community Centre. Applications are invited for the post of Warden of the Aberbargoed Youth and Community Centre. This is a new Centre and the person appointed will be expected to undertake the initial organisation. Applicants must be over 28 years of age and must possess a good Honours Degree or a Social Science Diploma and should have had experience in Community Centre work. Salary will be as follows: Men, £300 by £15 to £555. Women, £270 by £12 to £444. Additions may be made to this scale depending on the qualifications of the applicant. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the undersigned at the Education Department, County Hall, Newport, Mon. C. E. Gittins, Director of Education.

SOCIAL Worker. Applications are invited from trained social workers (women) for appointment as assistant to the local organiser under the Mental Deficiency Acts in the Public Health Department. The duties include visiting and reporting upon mental defectives living in their own homes. A social science qualification, knowledge of typewriting and clerical work and some previous experience of social work is desirable. Salary, rising to £500 a year. Form of application obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (D.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge Rd. S.E.1, and should be returned by May 6, 1950. (430)

MATRON reqd. for infants' (5 to 7) Home, Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Applicants should be qualified and expd. in child care with ability to control staff. Sal. not less than £225 p.a. with full emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd. S.W.16, giving full partics. of career.

LITIGATION Clerk required by London solicitor for conducting actions on behalf of injured workmen. Ideal opportunity for young Socialist with intelligence, initiative, imagination and absolute integrity. Knowledge and experience of Factories Act and Common Law desirable. Box 6112.

SENIOR Clerical Assistant (woman) to deal with membership subscriptions and donations; practical arrangements for Conferences, etc. Experience of similar work and some knowledge of voluntary organisations desirable. Salary £350 p.a. (superannuation scheme). Applications within seven days of the appearance of this notice, to the General Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St., London, W.1.

WANTED: 12 hours' clerical assistance per week, afternoons, some typing. Ethical Union, 42 Inverness Place, W.2.

TRAVEL Service has immediate vacancy for 1st-class English shorthand-typist, pref. with accountancy, export and German correspondence knowledge. Box 6614.

PUBLISHERS offer immediate opportunity to junior girl invoice typist; interesting, responsible work. No Sats. CEN. 8812.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

HAVE Car & Typewriter; seek change and scope; prefer small town/country. Company Sec., 32, married; accounts, costing, P.A.Y.E., French, surveying. Interested social work, literature, music, book production and binding, autos. Widely educated and travelled; independent, responsible. Minimum £400. Box 5587.

MANAGER, qualified accountant, linguist (45), with extensive experience in business organisation and world trade, requires appropriate position. Box 5711.

WORK wanted, suggestions please. Female, healthy, flatter myself intelligent. Training Domestic Science, Social Science and life. Previous jobs, teacher, saleswoman, hostel warden, lecturer, welfare worker, organising secretary. Knowledge of the world, including Asia and the U.S.A. Salary naturally important but interest of work paramount, temporary jobs considered. Box 5725.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

COMMANDER (S) R.N., retiring at 50, desires active employment such as Bursar, Club Secretary, Manager of hostel. Sound health. Single. Available to go anywhere. Long exper. in responsible admin. appointments including secretarial, accounting, storekeeping, catering, charge of large staffs. Also keenly interested in youth welfare. Box 5732.

GENTLEMAN (F.C.I.S.) (45) with considerable financial, sales and admin. experience, seeks responsible position wherein thorough initiative, loyalty and a pleasant disposition will be appreciated. Box 5759.

LAW grad. Cambridge 1st class; also moral science; prof. qualifs.; typing, some shorthand; secret./lecturing/teaching work reqd. evenings and/or week-ends. Box 5766.

S.R.N., 28, dom. science, some social science, drive, seeks interesting job not necessarily nursing; anywhere. Box 5778.

READER (27) seeks interesting work, preferably with publisher or bookshop. Would make small investment. Box 5716.

A CONGENIAL post with scope for realising wide teaching experience, wanted by bi-lingual British educationist. Married, 35, fully trained and qualified. Subjects: German, Music, Latin, History. Wife might consider part-time teaching. Box 5798.

YOUNG lady aged 27, exp. shorthand/typist with speeds of 120 w.p.m. & 70 w.p.m. respectively, able to drive & willing to travel, desires interesting post. Box 5806.

MALE (22) shs. secure non-sedentary post Lond./N. York. Inter. B.A. (Eng., Geog.). Exp. public relns. Fr., Ger., Span. Kndge. econs. Keen on motoring, etc. Box 5981.

GRADUATE, 26, legal-economic quals., organising exp., fluent 4 languages, seeks position requiring initiative. Box 6268.

INTELLIGENT Secretary, good shorthand-typist, used to responsibility, requires interesting non-commercial post, full part-time. 8 years' exp. theatrical, film, broadcasting and television worlds. Box 6429.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LARGE sunny excellently furn. bed-sitting room in pte. house with garden, Campden Hill. Service & meals by arrangement. Suit M.P. or prof. man. WES. 7920 or Box 6569.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq. W.2. Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

ATTRACTIVE s. & d. accomm. with partial board offered to prof. people in comfortable private guest house. Terms from 4gns. incl. 'Phone: MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale, W.9.

LONDON. Prof. people seeking first-class accom. with service, breakfast & dinner, and many comforts and attractions, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., Kens., W.11; or 'phone PARK 6280.

KENSINGTON. Ground floor flat furn., excluding plate, linen; 2 rooms, Kit., bath. Use own and residents' gardens. Box 5705.

FURN. Divan room, sgl., sun parlour, bathroom, use kitchen, garden; meals opt., mod. rent. N.W. London. Speedwell 6497.

SOUTH Kensington. Two large furnished rooms. Sitting room, bedroom (with fitted basin, h. & c., gas fire & ring), full use of bathroom, kitchen, telephone & all amenities. 4½ gns. per week. Box 5789.

TO let, furnished bed-sitting rooms, cooking facilities, with or without attendance. Bayswater. From £2 10s. Box 5820.

FURN. fam. flat to let, June 10-30. Pleas. part London, 4gns. wk. Box 5859.

TO let. Charming entrance-floor flat furn. for 6-8 weeks for 1 or 2 persons. All conveniences, garden. PRImrose 4485.

FLAT in Westminster to be shared on friendly basis with present occupant (m.); young gentleman preferred. Box 5709.

SHARE in modern flat with 'phone, best part Ealing near buses and underground, offered by research worker, wide interests, to professional man. Box 6048.

ABBEY Art Centre, 89 Park Rd., New Barnet, Herts. Tel. Barnet 3991. Residential accommodation available.

SEASIDE cottage to let furnished short periods May, June, July. Rural surroundings but all conveniences, gas, electric, water. Four guineas per week. Box 5724.

S. IRELAND. Bungalow available all part summer. In woods, nr. sea. Box 5755.

N. CORNWALL: furnished cottage to let for summer; 5 mins. from beach, 3 bed., bath, w.c., kitch., 2 sitting rooms. Box 5779.

FURNISHED bedroom and tiny sitting-room offered in pleasant house Dollis Hill by elderly lady. Use bath, kitchen, etc. Suit businesswoman. Reasonable. Box 5834.

N. WALES: Furn. mountain bungalow. Sleeps 6. No linen. Available July-Aug. 12-19 (6gns. weekly); Apl. 29-May 20 (5gns.); June 17-July 29. Miss Hartstone, Brentor, Willow Grove, Chislehurst, Kent.

ARTIST'S Studio in garden, Newlyn, Penzance. S.C., furnished, electricity. Available from May. Write Box 6287

ACCOMMODATION—continued

OF interest to artist, author or naturalist: comfortable and easily run furnished house, Western Highlands, not isolated, available on lease at low rent. Box 5914.

MOUNTS Bay, Penzance. S.C. furn. flat, 2 rooms, kit., bathroom, all elect. Avail. during summer. Write Box 6286.

WANTED: furnished or unfurnished flat; self-contained, 2 or 3 rooms, N.W. London; fixtures purchased. Box 5842.

WRITER searching for unfurnished flat, London, four or five rooms, long lease, good rent offered. Box 5976.

WANTED, Central London area, unfurn., 2/3 room flat, reasonable. Box 6261.

WANTED: secluded housebout or cottage, etc., near water, max. 2 hours London. Purchase max. £1,000 or temporary exchange basis London flat. Box 5722.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

ISLE of Wight. Small Country Vicarage close principal town, sea and boat connections. 2 sit., 6 bed., 2 bath., all services. Garages, pet houses, cottage, and grounds 6 acres. Freehold. Possession. Would consider exchange with smaller house & about 3 acres. Price & illus. particrs., Wallis, Riddett & Co., Ryde.

IRELAND: West Coast golf centre, fishing, shooting, bathing, lovely country. Comfortable house of beauty and distinction. Large garden. Double garage. Four bedrooms, three fine reception rooms, modern kitchen. Lodge and spacious outbuildings. Good decorative state. Near shops, churches, and sea. Price £2,750. Box 5815.

FOR sale: Artist's cottage, attractive, thatched, oak beamed. 2 rec., 2 bed. Price £1,650. Boycott-Brown, Burgate, Diss.

CO-EDUCATIONAL School. Superior country district, Kent. Boarders, Nursery, & up to 17 years. Magnificent house, ample sports ground. Qualified staff. Net profits £2,000 p.a. Estab. 40 years. Price £2,000 & Valuation. Albert Prior & Grainger, 23 Ship St., Brighton. Tels. B'ton 29166 (5 lines).

PREPARATORY School. Boys & girls. Favoured cricket district Hove. Part boarders. Fees £3,000. Present Principal 14 years. 70 pupils. Price including furniture and equipment, £2,500. Albert Prior & Grainger, 23 Ship St., Brighton. Tels.: B'ton 29166 (5 lines).

SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough 299. Pre-Prep. Nursery School. All year home. Sound Education and Training. Health excellent.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karis Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

RAYMONT School, Shortlands, Kent. Boys 3-11, Girls 3-18. A few vacancies for weekly or full boards. Apply for prospectus to Mrs. G. Price, Principal. RAV. 3272.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A progressive day school for boys and girls 5-14. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

THE New School, King's Langley, Herts. Non-profit-making Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 3 to 18. Based on Rudolf Steiner principles, its aim is to enable children to face life with initiative and courage and with a well-balanced cultural background. Prospectus from Secretary. (Tel. K.L.2505.)

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club (for all nationalities). Lectures, Debates, Brains Trusts, Language Groups, Art Circle, Music Circle, Dramatic Group, Dances, Table Tennis, Foreign Tours, Sport, Rambles, etc. Sub. 21gns. p.a. Club Centre Marble Arch. Details from: 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (HOL 5088.)

1,000,000 Shillings Fund to help fight organised cruelty to our wild animals. Send yours to Sec. (N), League Against Cruel Sports, 58 Maddox St., London, W.1.

PHOTOGRAPHY, Drawing Office, Radio, Electrical. Everyone whose work or hobby comes under these headings should send 2½d. stamp for Silverstone's catalogue of Government Surplus Bargains. Illustrated and beautifully produced in pocket size booklet form, it is full of items of equipment at a fraction of their original cost. The Silverstone Guarantee of Absolute Satisfaction or Money Unconditionally Refunded is known and appreciated all over the world. H. Silverstone, 20 Oxford Rd. Manchester, 1.

SMOKE To your heart's content. The perfect Herbal Smoking Mixture is Heath & Heather's No. 64. It costs 1s. 8d. per 4oz packet and is a blend of finest quality British herbs. Send 1s. 8d. for a packet of No. 64 to Heath & Heather, Ltd., Dept. No. C.23, Herb Specialists, St. Albans. A catalogue of all Heath & Heather's noted Herb remedies will also be sent on request.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing and Pamphlets, Reports, Leaflets, Stationery, etc. 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. Bishopsgate 7023/7876.

PERSONAL

AUTHOR and architect offer 2- or 3-bedroom self-contained flat, furnished or unfurnished, in Snowdonia to well-qualified secretary. Part-time job and salary. Children welcome. Box 5719.

COUPLE with two boys under 8 seek another exp. catering view partnership in licensed country hotel or club, etc. Box 5844.

MALE or female foreigner welcome in delightful home overlooking Torquay. English taught. Wright, Charis, Ridgeway Rd. Torquay, Devon.

TRAINED Kindergarten teacher & Dip. Soc. Sci., mixed Montessori/Froebel method, seeks acc. for morning Kindergarten, pref. with garden, Notting Hill, Kensington, Chelsea area. Mother with small children & suitable acc. might be interested. Box 5792.

AU pair. Lady, 2 boys at day school, offers board, own bed-sitting room, wireless, pocket-money if required, in return for some help in house & sitting-in. Beginning May. Combe, 71 Strand-on-Green, W.4.

YOUNG lady wanted to join party driving through Spain. Willing to share moderate expenses and driving. Box 6174.

BACHELOR, 30, seeks another for unconventional cheap holiday 1 week Sept., fond music, touring—welc. suggestions. Box 6214.

COUPLE (about 30: prof.) leaving London by car June 30 for Switzd. (2 wks.), Germany (1 wk.), seek similar; share expenses. Separate return if desired. Box 6250.

SAILING instruction, sheltered estuaries. Miller, Davis Caravan Site, Hullbridge.

ATTRACTIVE well-equipped caravan, open Sea—lovely site edge New Forest, 3½gns. weekly. Olive Wilson, Ridge, Godshill, nr. Fordingbridge. Tel.: Fordingbridge 3629.

WIDOWER (33), daughter (10), seek allies, view to joint estab. near London. Any ideas welcomed. Box 5707.

BOOK reviewing, indexing, abstracting and similar work required. Courteous and efficient service. Please write Box 5708.

YNG. Concert Pianist (A.R.C.M.), experienced teacher, seeks part-time appointment progressive school. Indiv. piano lessons and/or music appreciation. Box 5863.

LEARN Languages Without Translation. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lesson; sent gratis, post free. Pelman Languages Institute, 87 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

SHORTHAND. Private individual tuition. No classes. In sunny flat. Central. Day or evening. 'Phone PAD. 6929.

DRESSMAKING tuition, classes and private lessons. 'Phone Putney 8726.

TUITION: Literary editor recommends brilliant lady teacher, Italian, French, German. Highest refs. Box 5843.

WELL-known Broadcasting Pianist has vacancies for 3 keen pupils. Box 5770.

HOLIDAYS: Children all ages received. Term-time: lessons can be given up to 11 yrs. Exper. teacher, also French & Music. Close to beach, safe bathing. Refs. exch. Mrs. R. Kinloch, 4 Cedric Rd. Westgate-on-Sea.

INCOME Tax/Accountancy problems? Refer them to L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Rd. N.W.3. Hampstead 6666.

HALL for hire, Leicester Sq. WHI. 3678. Assoc. meetings, socials and dances.

IMPECUNIOUS but esthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap, antique furniture: Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex.

STATE Registered Nurse offers hospitality with extra care for the aged or for those in need of convalescence, in an exceptionally beautiful house. Central heating. Telephones. Garden. Hampstead 2282.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

ABSENT from these pages for too long, Anthony Panting is still taking photographs at 5 Paddington St., W.1 (or your home for 1gn. extra), though my message service has moved to Welbeck 6655.

VOCATIONAL guidance; marriage guidance; character delineation. Uncertain about your future? Consult J. N. Naylor, 72 George St., W.1. WEL. 5182.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds; Colonic irrigation; Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns. N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

WEEK-END and Summer house parties in England, France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Scandinavia, also Corsica and Majorca. Cruises in luxury yacht off English and French coasts and to Paris. Also individual rail and hotel reservations. Write/'phone for details. Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831.

PERSONAL—continued

MARIAN Naylor. Short, intensive Stage Training Course. Coaching exams., auditions. Studio Central London. WIM. 2161.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Ansuellbury, Herts. Elizbeth Strachan, Ware 52.

ITALIAN, French tuition, conversation. Roberti, Telephone Gladstone 2692.

GERMAN. Yg. writer teaches indiv./groups. Also translat. Moderate fees. Box 5791.

OBERAMMERGAU & Austrian Tyrol £27. Italian Lakes £35. Brittany Coast £29 12s. All inclusive 15-day holidays. Allways, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Tem. 8702.

GOOD income can be made by story or article writing. Send for Secrets of Successful Writing, free, from Premier School of Journalism, 93 Premier House, 53 Fleet St., London, E.C.4.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Improved Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d. a set from Parrenian Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

IF you want a Continental holiday, not organised for the masses but individually arranged for you—book now for 1950. All European countries. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

WHITSUN holiday? Try something original! Come and join my informal house party in a genuine Norfolk windmill, or a small group visiting the Channel Islands. Also Sussex party and continental Whitsun holidays including Austria, Paris and Belgium. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

A MOTOR Tour to the French Riviera—13 days 35gns., 20 days 47gns. Choice of 5 resorts. 2 excursions incl. Dep. daily. Contours Ltd., 72 Newman St., W.1. MUS. 1499.

SPRINGTIME in Paris. Make the most of your visit and feel "at home." "Chez Vous" offers you a friendly welcome and a delightful stay. Small informal parties at inclusive charges from London. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Pl. London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

BEAUTIFUL Corsica. Club Olympic of Paris will re-open their well-known Holiday Camp in Calvi on June 10. Book now! Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

SPAIN. 15-day tour Paris, Turn Gorge, Carcassonne to Barcelona and Costa Brava (8 days' stay). For the unconventional & gay. Continental Club Tours, 19 Woburn Sq. W.C.1.

THE National Union of Students Travel Department, has pleasure in announcing its biggest programme of summer tours since the war. Tours to Europe's great Festival centres (Salzburg, Lucerne, Edinburgh, Oberammergau) riding, sailing, walking, climbing and lazing, from Helsinki to Lisbon, from Paris to Vienna. Also study tours of the U.S.A. Tour fees from £13 upwards. Many tours include air travel without increase over 3rd-class rail fares. Further details from N.U.S. Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

A DISCOVERY for a Wonderful Holiday! On Lake Constance—Bregenz, in Austria: beautiful resort, excursions to Switzerland, Germany & Austrian Alps. 14-day inclusive holiday—"free-lance" or party, £26 7s. 6d. only. Incl. fares, reserved seats, hotel/full board. Book very early to secure accommodation. Also: Tyrol and other mountain resorts, 14 days from 23gns. A week in Paris £18 7s. 6d. Riviera 10 days £29 10s. Rome 8 days £25. Week in Ostend £15 2s. 6d. Coach tours, etc. Free brochures from Bridge Tours (N.S.C.), 33 Haymarket, London, S.W.1 (WHI. 5537).

SWITZERLAND. Our three-centre parties travel out through Paris to Zermatt, where a week is spent rambling in the mountains—with climbs to the Mettelhorn, the Theodule Pass and the Oberrotzhorn. Then we move to the Bernese Oberland; first to Mürren, with interesting walks to the Tschingel Glacier and the top of the Schilthorn; then, after three days, to Grindelwald, where we go up the Faulhorn and to the Gleckstein Hut above the great glacier. If you are interested in active holidays such as this, at little cost, write for our full programme, covering 34 tours in 16 countries. Ramblers' Assocn. Services, 188 (9) West End Lane; N.W.6.

FLY to Corsica, Isle of Beauty, and spend two wonderful weeks at the Camp de l'Horizon. Excellent food, perfect freedom, swimming, boating, congenial companions. Very moderate all-in price. Write, 'phone or call: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Tel: City 7163/4.

CHILDREN'S house party: again at Eastbourne. Well-planned programme, excellent food, intelligent supervision. Fortnightly/longer periods Aug. 4-Sept. 8. Ages 8-15. Brochure: Junior Holidays, 69 Wigmore St. (Floor 2), W.1.

FOREST School Camps for boys and girls aged 6½ to 18 Aug. 9 to Sept. 6, 1950. Trained staff. Apply A. R. Cobb, 38 Barton Rd. Cambridge.

CRUISING on Canals. An Adventure. Fine cruisers for 2-6 people. Choice of lovely routes. Houseboat and motorboat. Canal Cruising Co., Ltd., Stone, Staffs.

WHERE TO STAY

APPLEBY, Westmorland, Garbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Fishing. Golf. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

MOST of our Easter Guests have re-booked for Whitsun, but we can still take a few before, during and after. Good food, riding, tennis, friendly informal atmosphere. Crowhurst Park Hotel, Battle. From 7gns. Tel. Battle 369.

CONWAY. Mountain & sea holiday. Apply tariff: Michael, Bryn Llwas, Woodlands.

HOLIDAYS in country house with extensive grounds, 8 miles from sea, interesting excursions. Farm produce, English and Continental cooking, special diets if wanted. From 4gns. Cunsington House Guest House, Nr. Bridgwater, Somerset (under new management).

BRONTË Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. Moorland walks, literary interest, comfort, good Yorkshire fare. Hot and cold water in bedrooms, good fires.

DEVON & Cornwall. May terms from £4-5 week, incl. Free illustrated brochure 18: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish (Tel. 2150).

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beautiful view. 40 acres grnds. Modn. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

RIVINGTON Hotel. Modern amenities, gdn. prod. Eggs. Cromwell Rd., Hove 331062.

OWNERS of country house with central heating, modern amenities, Riviera climate, give personal attention, limited number of guests. Walled garden, farmery, 3 mins. unspoilt Cornish Bay. Box 6104.

HOME in the Forest. Vegetarian guests desiring freedom and simplicity. Olive Wilson, Ridge, Godshill, Fordingbridge.

SOUTH Devon Farm, near Dartmoor, welcomes guests. Own produce; modern conveniences. From 4½gns. Mrs. Neufeld, Lounsazne, Bickington, Newton Abbot.

KENT. Lovely old farm house near Tonbridge, comfortable accommodation, excellent food, on bus route. Strettit Farm House, East Peckham. Telephone E. Peckham 280.

BUDLEIGH Salterton, S. Devon. Bed, breakfast, dinner, £4 4s. with lunch, 12s. 6d. extra. Comf. home, 10 mins. sea. Box 5803.

LAKES. Comf. accom., excellent food, modern conveniences. Walking, climbing, etc. Mrs. Abbott, 2 Skiddaw St., Keswick.

HÔTEL de Bordeaux, 28 rue de la Montagne Ste. Geneviève, Paris 5. Metro: Maubert-Mutualité. Situated in Latin Quarter. Accommodation throughout year. All mod. cons.

CORNWALL. Carnsdownan Guest House, Gerrans, Portscatho. Overlooks sea. Lovely bathing beaches, boating, fishing, golf. Some vacancies May, June & late Sept. Terms 5-6gns. H. & C. most bedrooms. Write for brochure. 'Phone Roseland 58.

THE Warren Guest House, Hornsey, Norfolk. Quiet restful holiday assured, lovely sands, ideal for children, close to Broads. Excellent food. Brochure on request.

IRELAND. Hope Castle Guest House, Castleblayney, Monaghan, on lovely Lake Muckno —"The Killarney of the North." Fishing, golf. Home farm.

OLD Pump Cottage, Shaftesbury; thatched, simple, convenient centre tours, walks; good cooking. 5gns. Hostess: Miss English.

HOLIDAYS at the "Haven Guest House," 7 New St., Torrington, Devon. Personal attention. Good food. Comf. beds. Lovely garden. Good centre for tours. Rest. terms.

PYRENEES: Franco-British family seeks friendly guests in private country house nr. Pau and mountains. Write: Mlle. Dasnarts, Château Balagué, Rébénacq, B. Pyr., France.

OLD Plow Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, gives you comfort, good food and a friendly atmosphere. Club licence. The best air in Sussex and a little spoiling will work wonders if you have been ill. Sharpthorne 17.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 4½-5gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

NORTH CORNWALL Coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands bathing, surfing, buses 5 mins., h. & c. No extras. Med. charges unchanged. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

HOLIDAYS & Honeymoons! 58 delightful hotels in Devon and Cornwall, described & recommended in "Ride-a-While Book." Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

STUDLAND, Dorset. Old-World Guest House in 12 acres lovely grounds facing sea. 3 miles sandy beach. Golf, riding. Excellent cuisine. Booking May, Whitsun & summer. Illustrated brochure & tariff from: BCM/Studland, London, W.C.1.

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, St. Minver, N. Cornwall. 16th century Manor overlooking Camel Estuary. Easy reach golfing, surfing, boating. Produce from own farm. 4½ to 7gns. Write for brochure M.

SOCIALIST Guest House in beautiful Ribble Valley (Lancs.). Good plentiful food. Putting, tennis, croquet, archery, etc. Ideal for small conferences. Stpd. env. for brochure "Clarion House," Clayton-le-Dale, nr. Blackburn.

BOURNEMOUTH. Cavendish Court Hotel. 33 rooms. 1 acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. 6gns. inclusive. 7-8gns. from June 3rd. Tel.: 1944.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

FOLKESTONE. 2 minutes from Leas. Comfortable house in beautiful surroundings. Spend your holidays on the Kent coast. Open all the year round. Terms moderate. Write 10 Augusta Gardens. 'Phone 2952.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA, superior guest house, surrounded own glorious gardens, French cuisine. Children supervised. Enjoyable stay: 4½gns. p.w. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., Hastings 4574.

STEANBRIDGE: beautifully situated guest house in quiet Cotswold valley. Restful holidays for people of all nationalities. Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel.: Painswick 2312.

IRELAND. Strand Hotel, Inch, Kerry. (A.A.) Spend restful holiday in Dingle Peninsula. Overlooking Dingle Bay. Magnificent sandy beach, safe bathing, excellent catering, personal supervision. Moderate terms.

KING'S Arms Hotel, Kingsbridge, S. Devon. Charming unspoiled 200 years' old fully lic. coaching inn. Every mod. amenity and comfort. Plenty good food. Exc. centre yachting, fishing; grand coast and lovely country. 6½ gns. Stables opposite. Tel. 202411.

CORNWALL. "Just as nice as Paradise & only half as far." Especially May to July. Lovely beaches. Surf-bathing Polzeath, golf St. Enodoc. Fishing. 15 acres grounds. Farm produce. Interior-sprung mattresses. Treharrock Manor, Port Isaac 234.

LONDON, 124 Sutherland Ave., Maida Vale. Bed, breakfast, dinner (12s. 6d. daily incl.), h. & c. gas fires, all cgs. Tennis. Reduced terms perm. residents. Tel. CUN. 2554.

CHILDREN from 2 to 7 years welcomed and cared for in country home surroundings. White, Box Wood, nr. Stevenage, Herts.

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food: soft beds: a warm hotel: radiators and hot water in every bedroom. Apply Proprietor.

BOGNOR. Quiet Guest House. Good food, home comfort. Several sit.-rooms, pleasant gdn. "Widworthy," Sylvan Way. Tel. 350.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires, e.l., c.h.w. 80 acres. From 4½gns. weekly. Tel. Rushlake Green 322.

COTSWOLD Country Club, Brockhampton Park, Nr. Cheltenham, for your holidays, honeymoon or rest cure. Magnificent mansion with modern luxuries. Excellent cuisine in oak panelled dining hall. Cocktail bar, dancing, tennis, riding, billiards. H. & C. in all rooms, spring mattresses. Write for brochure E.

SWITZERLAND. Comfortable Guest House, 3,370ft., magnificent scenery, overlooking lake, many easy walks and excursions. Excellent cuisine, personal attension. 14 francs daily, incl. Brochure: "La Cerisier," Cour-sur-Montreux.

SPAIN. Costa Brava, Barcelona. For the unconventional and gay. Wonderful beaches, 15 days July/August. Continental Club Tours, 19 Woburn Sq. W.C.1.

BURCOT on Thames, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. A country house on river near Oxford. Club licence; boating, tennis, archery, billiards. Station, Culham (W.R.). Tel. Clifton Hampden 32.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country nr. Eastbourne. Own prod. Comfy beds, 3 acres gdn. Ideal for Spring bul. Broch.: Te Whare Hotel, Heron.

CORNISH fishing village, S.W. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Good food. Lt. Cmndr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

FRENCH Riviera. Lovely hotels at Nice, Cannes, Menton, Roquebrune, Beaulieu—23s. 6d. per day full board any time of year. To book, apply: Contours Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. Tel.: MUS. 8499.

IN the Heart of Lovely Lammermuirs, Rathburne Hotel, Longformacus, Duns, 50 mls. from Edinburgh. Home produce. Excell. ckg. H. & C. in bedrms. 3,000-vol. library. 2 trout streams. Children catered for. "Out of the World and into Longformacus."

FOR Oxford University, Cotswolds and Shakespeare's country, stay at Big Wood Holiday Camp, Radley, Berks; small Camp in beautiful surroundings. Children welcomed. Excellent food, constant hot water; 4½gns. per week. Book now for Whit. week-end. Fully booked July 1 to 8, and July 28 to Aug. 19. Write for illustrated brochure.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: 1946-1950: N.S. & N., Punch, Listener, Lilliput, offers?; Orchestral material, full scores; Remington foursome electric shaver, £6; Calluro electric gramophone, £10; Bambi Duplicator Model 9A with necessary stationery, spirit supplies, unused, seen London, £35; Gothic Treble Recorder in case, £7; Lady's climbing boots, size 5, £3 3s.; Linguaphone German Records, £9 or offer.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 1d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayable essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayes, some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon. 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats., Sat. 2.30 until May 3, thereafter Weds. Sats. 2.30. Seats bookable through principal agents.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. "Ivanov." Members.

UNITY. "How I Wonder." Weds. to Suns., 7.30, last perf. Sun., April 30. Ewan MacColl's "Hell is What You Make It," opens May 5. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. BUS. 5391.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 4244. Sun., Apr. 30, 7.30: "Det Gaelder Os Alle" (A).

"THE Marriage of Figaro." Production by City Opera Club at Toynbee Hall; May 11-13 at 7 p.m. (mat. 13th at 2.30). Tickets 3s. & 5s. RIV. 6369 or at Theatre ½ hour prior to performance.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Apr. 30, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Aeolian String Quartet: Mozart B fl. K.458; Beethoven C mi. Op. 18; Bartok No. 5. 1s.

65th Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Wednesday, May 3 at 7. First London appearance of the celebrated Quatuor de Saxophones de Paris. Works by Pierné, Francaix, Schmitt, Rivier. Genevieve Touraine accompanied by Irene Atroff in songs by Poulenc, Lenar, Leguerney, Yellones, and from the Yvette Guilbert Repertoire. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s 6d., from Hall and usual agents.

COMMITTEE for Promotion of New Music presents its 117th Studio Recital at Salle Erard (Augener), Gt. Marlborough St., at 6.30 on Tu., May 2. Chair.: Geoffrey Wright. 1st Spkr.: John Amis, L.S.O. Chamber Ensemble.

PETER Cowderoy. Pianoforte Recital. Wigmore Hall, Mon., May 8, at 7. Works by Bach-Liszt, Beethoven, Cesar Franck, Brahms, Schumann. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall & Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

MAY Day Celebration Dance on Sat., April 29, at 7.30, at Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Square. Hungarian Songs and Dances. Refreshments. Adm. 3s. 6d., 5s. dble.

EVERY Saturday, at 23 Regents Park Road, N.W.1. Dancing for members and guests of The Polish Social Cultural Association. From 8 p.m. Adm. 1s.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd. Dance at Caxton Hall, Westminster, Saturday, May 6, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Chris Stone's Orchestra (under personal direction of Chris Stone). Licensed bar. Running buffet. Spot prizes. Evening dress optional. Tickets 5s. 6d., at door. Non-members welcome.

INTERNATIONAL Dance. Youth House, 250 Camden Rd. N.W.1. Saturday, 29th, at 7.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Buffet.

EXHIBITIONS

MURAL Painting. 1st Exhibition of the Society of Mural Painters. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, open till May 8, Mon., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

EDUCATION in Poland: An Exhibition organised by the Polish Teachers' Union and showing educational developments in post-war Poland is on view daily Apr. 19-May 1, Mon.-Sat. (incl.) from 10 a.m.-6 p.m. at Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1.

"IN Paris Now"—Contemporary Living French Art, and Sculpture by Georg Ehrlich, Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Archibald Ziegler's Israel Landscapes and other Paintings.

MAPS, Ships & Things of the Sea. A Collection of old maps, ship models, shell work, marine paintings, etc. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St. W.1. Recent works by Lucian Freud. Engravings by Roger Vieillard. Until May 27.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Retrospective Exhibition of A. Mintchine, 1898-1931.

ASIAN Institute Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Originals & Reproductions by Asian Artists. Books on Yoga, Music, Art.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St. English and French Paintings, 1770-1920.

LITTLE Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Gouaches by John Paddy Carstairs. April 24-May 27.

PAUL Alexander Gallery, Drawings by Patricia Calnan. April 19-May 13. 190 Kensington Church Street, W.8.

CHELSEA Gallery, 336B Kings Rd., S.W.3. Plant Studies & Paintings by L. P. Bauer. April 20-May 6. 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Raoul Dufy, Paintings and Gouaches. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Cartoons and Caricatures. Originals by famous contemporaries. Daily 10-5, Suns. 2.30-5 p.m.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent paintings by Patrick Heron; First London Exhibition of paintings by Jacques Chapiro. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LINGUISTS' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. May 6, at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jean Driant: Chansons françaises.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LASKI: Meeting of tribute to Professor H. J. Laski. Monday, May 1, 7.30 p.m. Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Speakers: The High Commissioner for India, Lord Pethick-Lawrence, H. N. Brailsford, a Student. Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Arranged by India League, 47 Strand W.C.2. All invited.

LECTURE-Recital. E. Mayer-Lismann on Weber's "Oberon" with Gre Brouwenstyn, Franz Vroons (of Netherlands Opera), Anna Pollak (of Sadler's Wells), introduced by Basil Douglas. Adm. free to Members of Holland Festival Society (Sec.: 26, Devonshire Terrace, W.2). Guests may become Associate Members for 2s. 6d. Wed., May 3, 8 p.m., at Londonderry House, Park Lane, W.1.

SHAW Society: Constance Cummings on "St. Joan"; Chair: Esme Percy, 57 Dean St., W.1. April 28, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s.

WARSAW Ghetto Rising. Memorial Meeting to mark Seventh Anniversary. Principal speakers: M. R. Katzon, Israel Chargé d'Affaires in London, Rev. Dr. A. Cohen, President Board of Deputies, Josef Rosensaft, Chairman Central Committee of Liberated Jews in British Zone of Germany, S. S. Silverman, M.P., Chairman World Jewish Congress British Section. Tues., May 2, 7.30 p.m. Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill, London, E.C.4.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled "Heinrich Heine: The Shape of his Mind," will be given by Professor Barker Fairley (Toronto) at 5.30 p.m., on May 3, at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies (Masaryk Hall), (entrance from Malet St., W.C.1). Adm. free, without ticket.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain. May Day Meeting at Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd. on Monday, May 1, at 7.30. Speakers: A. Turner, D. Verity. Adm. free. Questions and Discussion.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., May 2, at 7.30 p.m. "The Christian Conscience and Czechoslovakia," talk by Mr. Kurt Merz. Evening meal from 6.30 p.m. All welcome.

DR. J. B. Rhine on "Telepathy and Human Personality." Dr. Rhine, Director of the Parapsychology Laboratory, Duke University, North Carolina, will deliver the Tenth Myers Memorial Lecture at the Caxton Hall (Great Hall), Caxton St., Westminster, S.W.1, at 8.30 p.m., on Wed., May 10. Open to the public. Admittance (free) by ticket only, obtainable from the Society for Psychical Research, 31 Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Th., 7.30, May 4: Maya & the Evolution of the Conception of God. Meditation. At 180 Aldersgate (nr. Aldersgate & Paul's Tube Stns.), premises of Dialdas & Sons. Every Monday from May 1, 7.30, Meditation & spiritual talk. All welc.

HYPNOTISM. Demonstration by William Badsey in Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Fri., May 12, at 7.30 p.m. Adm. Reserved, 4s. & 3s., unreserved 2s. Bookings and tickets from the Caretaker.

FOR men of all faiths. World Congress of Faiths service, Caxton Hall, Westminster, Friday, May 5, at 7 p.m. Address by Imam of Woking Mosque.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., May 4, 6.30 p.m. Talk by Me. Jean Thevenet. Subject: "Le Barreau Belge sous l'Occupation Allemande." Adm. free.

PERSONALIST Group. L. Prechner on "A New Approach to Sex." Thurs., May 4, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

CENT. London Fabian Society. Mon., May 1, 7.30. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "The Problems of a Mixed Economy." Viscount St. Davids. 1s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc. Sun., Apr. 30, at 7.45, Universal Restnt., 169a Finchley Rd. (nr. Hamp. Baths), Dr. Eustace Chesser: "Freedom and Equality."

THE Newman Assocn., 31 Portman Sq., London, W.1. Sun., May 7 at 3.15 p.m. "Mental Abnormality and Criminal Responsibility" by a Priest, Psychiatrist & Lawyer.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. April 30: Masters of Wisdom.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sunday meeting at 11 o'clock. Apr. 30: A. D. Howell Smith, "The Significance of Roman Catholicism." Adm. free.

HYPNOTHERAPY. Demonstration Lecture by Warne-Beresford on Tues., May 9, at 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, Westminster. Tickets (reserved) 3s. 6d., from 5 Gillingham St., Victoria (nr. Victoria Station).

BUDDHIST Vihara Society in England. Ethical Hall, Queensway, Bayswater (entrance 4A Inverness Place). Sunday, April 30, 3 p.m. Vesak celebration. Speaker: The Ven. U Thittila. H.E. Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, K.B.E., K.C.M.G., High Commissioner for Ceylon in the U.K., will preside.

THE Buddhist Festival of Wesak, 7.30 p.m., Tues., May 2, at the Large Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Speakers include The Bhikkhu U Thittila, H.S.H. Prince Subha Svasti, Mr. Christmas Humphreys, Mr. Cyril Moore. Chair: Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

TAGORE Anniversary: Sat., May 6. Chair: Rt. Hon. Earl of Listowel. Readings from Tagore: Miriam Karlin. Music, songs and dances of India. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. 7.30 p.m. Tickets 5s. and 2s. 6d. from India League, 47 Strand W.C.2. TEM. 3689.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Rd. N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30 p.m.: 1st, Bill Sensier: "Cultural Activities of the Musicians Union." 8th, Mrs. Mary Kluger: "Colonial Problems." 15th, Cyril Moore: "Have We a Soul?" 22nd, Discussion: "There Should be More Theosophy at Youth House." G. Reilly for, J. Prothero against.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of 3 lectures on "Sound and Meaning" will be given by Professor Roman Jakobson (Harvard) at 5.30 p.m., on May 8, 9 & 11, at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Adm. free, without ticket.

BIRKBECK College (University of London). Session 1950-51 begins on Monday, October 2, 1950. Part-time (evening) courses provided for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science and for Diplomas in Geography and Psychology. Facilities also provided for part-time and full-time students reading for Higher Degrees in Arts and Science. Application form (to be returned by June 1, 1950) from: Registrar, Birkbeck College, E.C.4.

PEARSON Foundation College. Spring Term Lectures. Evening and afternoon classes. Courses on: Philosophy; Psychology; Psychiatry; Remedial Dietetics; Biochemistry; Art Therapy; Music; Speech; Nuclear Physics; from May 1st. Write Registrar, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5, for syllabus.

KING'S Copse House Studio. A residential studio, in ideal country, one hour from London. Private grounds, swimming pool, and woods. Where the artist, or student, may study figure and landscape in an atmosphere of serious training, combined with individual freedom. Contact kept with London and Continental galleries and exhibitions. Particulars from: C. W. Swiney, King's Copse House, Buckleburry Common, Reading. Tel.: Bradfield 26.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol. June, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Ötztz Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 215gs.; 21 days, 265gns.) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1950 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre is an independent organisation founded to extend and develop the work of the Psycho-Physical Re-education Group. The teachers concerned are qualified to teach Mr. F. M. Alexander's re-educational technique. Particulars from Secretary, 18 Lansdowne Rd. Holland Park, W.11. Park 7222.

COMPLETE Secretl. Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd. W.14. Park 4465. Students may begin now.

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., W.1, and Park Lane, W.1, provides training for High Grade Secretarial posts and has few vacancies left for 1950/1.

ALL Foreign Languages taught in small classes and private lessons. Prospectus (free): Schwarz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., 10 Portman St. Marble Arch, W.1. MAY 4640.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty St., W.C.1 (nr. Russell Square). Summer Term begins May 8. Classes for Beginners & Students of all grades. Individual tuition. All partics. from Secretary. Tel.: Holborn 6770.

SPANISH lessons by native teachers. Instituto Español, 58 Princes Gate, S.W.7. Tel.: KEN. 3139.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies (University Extension Courses). The following residential Vacation Schools have been arranged, and applications will be considered from adults interested in the study schemes. Students may attend for one or two weeks. Fees will be from £4 5s. to £4 10s. per week. 1. May 24-31: Juniper Hall, near Dorking. Field Course in "Plant Ecology." 2. July 29-August 12: Crofton Grange School, near Buntingford, Herts. "The English Community." 3. August 2-16: Juniper Hall, near Dorking. Field Course in the Geography of the Weald. Particulars of the Schools can be obtained from the Director, Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1.

HOLIDAY School of Music, Shrewsbury, Aug. 19 to Sept. 2 (Vocal & Instrumental); Sept. 3-10 (Brass Bandsmen). Tutors include Alan Bush, Joseph Lewis, Dr. Denis Wright, Harry Mortimer. S.A.E. for prospectus to: Workers' Music Association, 17 Bishops Bridge Rd. London, W.2.

FOREIGN holiday in England. Join a house party with an international flavour, near the sea and the New Forest. There you will have a chance to meet interesting people from this and other countries. Foreign Language Exchange and Tuition. Debates and discussions. Trips to Bournemouth, Isle of Wight, etc. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

"THE Enjoyment of Living." Progressive League Holiday Conference at Fernden School, Haslemere, Surrey. Sat., Aug. 26-Sept. 2. Programme of lectures ready shortly. Specially suitable for parents with children. Recreations: Swimming, rambling, sun-bathing, music and poetry, ballroom and country dancing. Fees: Mems. £5 5s., non-mems. £6 15s. 6d. Reduced rates for younger children. Applics. with full fee to Hon. Secretary (private address) 43 West Park, S.E.9. ELT. 1761.

THE Child and His Educational Environment. A combined family holiday in the country and Summer School for parents and others has been arranged round this theme from July 28 to August 8. To allow parents to attend talks by specialists and free them from family responsibility, the children will camp in the school grounds. For details, programme of lectures, etc., write to: The Secretary, Tylehurst School, Forest Row, Sussex.

WORLD Problems—Week-end Conferences in pleasant surroundings—May 13 & 14: The United Nations and its Agencies; May 27 & 28: Russia; June 10 & 11: The Present World Crisis. Is there a way out? Also summer schools at which many countries will be represented. Few vacancies. Apply immediately: Registrar, I.P.C., 10 South Bolton Gdns., London, S.W.5.

SIGURD Leeder School of Dance, London. Third Annual Summer School, July 27-August 9, 1950. Curriculum: Technique, Eukinetics, Choreutics, Dance Composition and Dance Notation. Prospectus from the Secy., 15 Scarsdale Villas, London, W.8. WES. 5044.

PAINTING School, Riviera. July-Sept. Partics.: Secretary, 8a Heath Drive, N.W.3.

TYPING, LITERARY AND TRANSLATIONS

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 137, Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

TYPEWRITING & Duplicating. Plays, Novels, Scripts, Reports, Theses, testimonials expertly typed & attractively presented. Bereton, 91 Priory Rd. N.W.6. MAI. 5391.

MANUSCRIPTS accurately typed. Personally checked. Mod. terms. Mrs. Marchant, 732 Chelsea Cloisters, S.W.3. KEN. 3098.

MILDRED Furst Typewriting Service. Careful work by expert typists. Personal supervision. Moderate terms. Special checking service. 367 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAIda Vale 7479.

FRANK Secretarial Service: MSS. accurately typed. Novels, theses 7 days. Careful checking. Dpictg. Transls. all langs. Mod. terms. 4 Queensborough Terrace, W.2. BAY. 8600.

LITERARY typing (7 day service all MSS.). Dictating machine service. Duplicg., indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Transls. (all languages). Qualified Linguists at short notice. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831/Pastnes Chambers, 87 High St. Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 57 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WES. 4014.

RUSSIAN translations, Russian-English or vice versa. Experienced translator, Englishman. Current rates. Box 5706.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Phœnix Folio of Colour Reproductions" containing works by Dürer, Holbein, Manet, Pissarro, Gauguin and Van Gogh, with colour surfaces averaging 20in. × 15in., is now available. This Folio is magnificent value for 60s. Write for prospectus or visit Phœnix Gallery, 38 William IV St., Charing Cross, W.C.2. (Hosars: 9.30-6, Mon.-Fri.).

A UNIQUE Anglo-Israel Journal containing news, pictures and stories. "The Zionist Review" from Newsagents, 6d. each Friday.

BOOKS Bought. Libraries & smaller collections of interesting books on all subjects. K. J. Bredon's Bookshop (Second-hand dept.), 10 East St., Brighton (Tel. 22605).

DEUTSCHE Literatur wanted and offered by Continental Book Supply. 32A Chomeley Park, London, N.6. Tel. MOUntview 1482—postal business.

GREEK Booksellers. "Zeno," 6 Denmark St., W.C.2. Tel. TEM. 2522. Large collection of Classical, Byzantine & Modern Greek books. Also we are buyers of books on Greece, Crete and Cyprus, in any language.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 114 Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6990. Books bought.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL 7924.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

WE will get that book you want. London Book Co., 828 Seven Sisters Rd., N.15.

AMERICAN Readers: Books reviewed/advertised in these pages are readily obtainable: simply send order & check in $ for amount advertised to Robert Bentley Co., 10 P.O. Sq., Boston 9, Mass (1s. = 14c). Add 30c. for shipping, etc., per book.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 498 and 499

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by the Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.